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NUMBER 1

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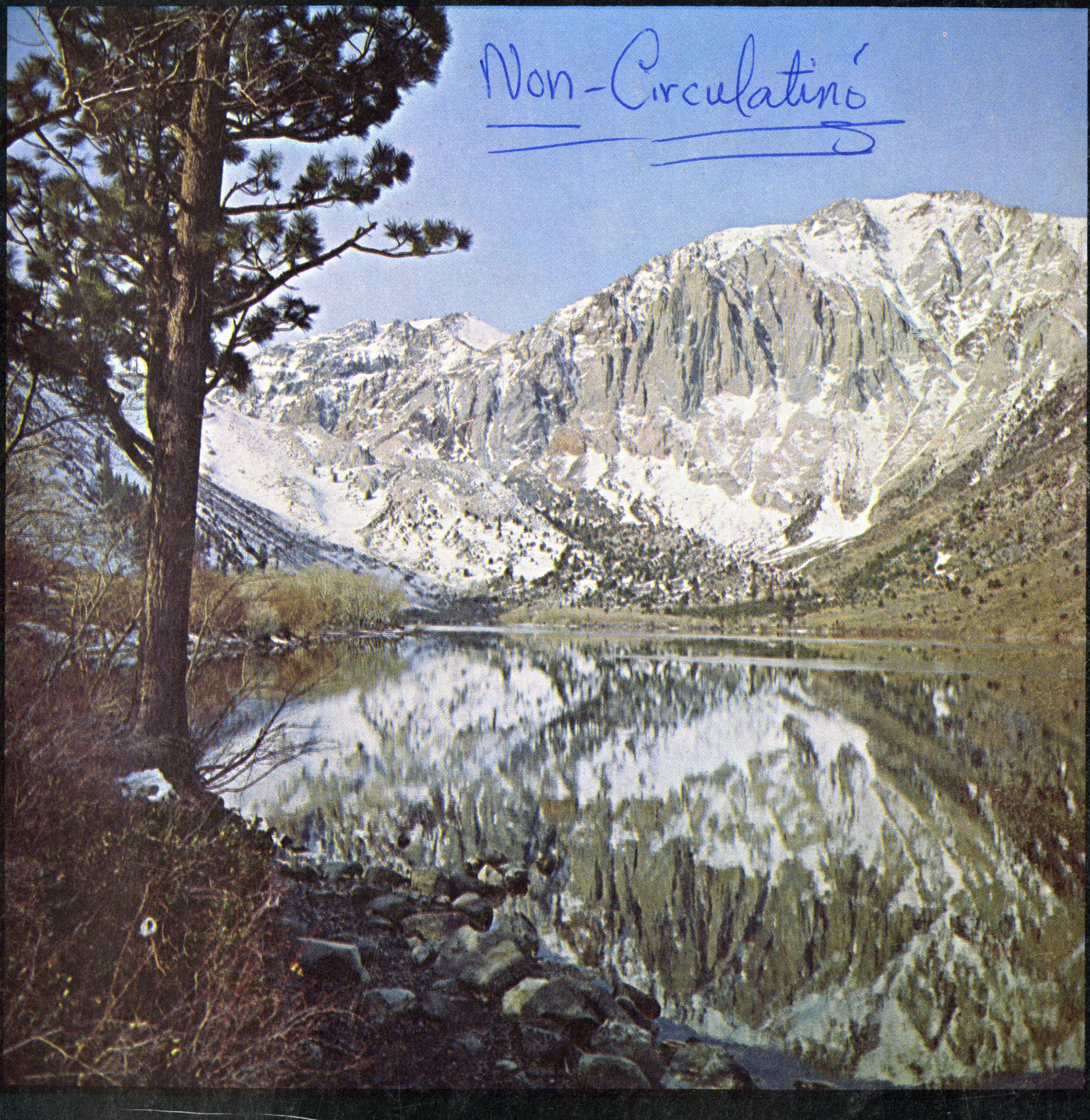

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SIERRA

VOLUME II
19531 Airport Way South

NUMBER 1
Santa Ana, California 92707

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir:

I would like to let you know that I enjoyed your SIERRA magazine very much. It's well printed, the layout is excellent and everything was done as it should be.

I am a commercial artist and my hobby is photography. In case you are interested in High Sierra black and white prints or color slides, I would be happy to send you some of my work.

A. Singer

Mr. Singer:

I am sure that many of the readers of SIERRA have excellent photographs and stories that relate to the SIERRA. We at Sierra invite contributions. Please send them to SIERRA, Editorial Department, P.O. Box 4627, Irvine, California 92664.

Dear Sirs:

I like the magazine very much. You can't help but be successful with the splendid talent displayed.

M. De Cono

Congratulations on your first magazine — SIERRA!

Your editorial "Sportsman or Ecologist? Why not Both?" seemed especially appropriate in these confusing times of environmental concern.

We of the Inyo have the very large responsibility of protecting and managing much of the majestic Sierra Nevada which your magazine so aptly represents. We'd be happy to contribute our knowledge, photographs and viewpoints to your new magazine whenever the occasion arises.

Everett L. Towle
Forest Supervisor
United States Dept. of Agriculture
Inyo National Forest

Congratulations! Yours is a great magazine! Our best wishes to you for your success.

P. Ziegler

Impressed by your first issue of SIERRA Magazine. I know it is more expensive, but my hope is that, eventually, some of the SIERRA scenes might be reproduced in color.

S. Clark

Dear Mr. Dodd:

Your first issue of Sierra is quality and we wish you great success in the continuation of the publication. The photography, the literary portion, and even the ads are excellent. Since we'd like more of the same, enclosed is our check for a year's subscription.

C. Gay

Congratulations on the first issue of SIERRA. You've hit a vein of ore that is inexhaustible. Your layouts and contents seem to me most excellent, and if you go to color . . . wow!

A. Morhardt

Congratulations! Your magazine is beautifully done. I am happy you are doing this magazine which is a true accomplishment.

F. Parker

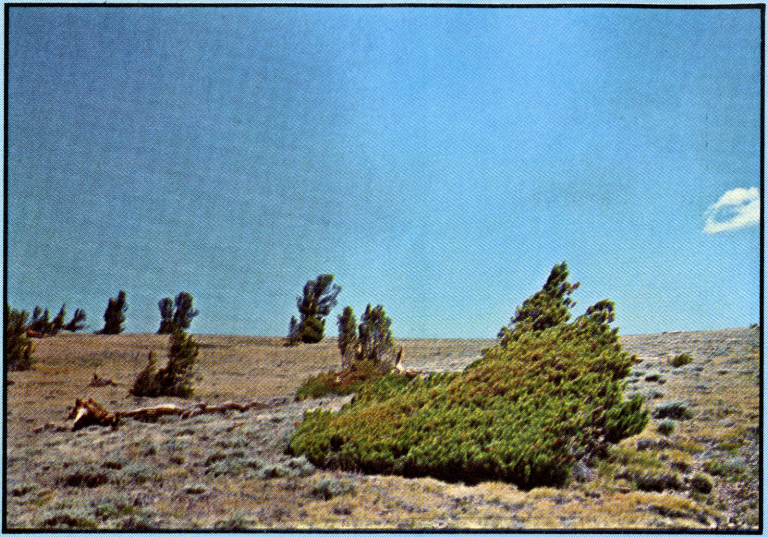
Ecology Power!
Will it support Life?

It's apparent that every ecology group isn't always right. A case in point is that certain groups which oppose all power company expansion, whether hydroelectric, geothermal or nuclear. Their two basic objections to this expansion seem to be that power companies destroy the ecological balance during construction and operation of these plants. Their operation is hazardous to living things nearby. Armed with these arguments, they attack every power project in the way of Don Quixote vs. windmills.

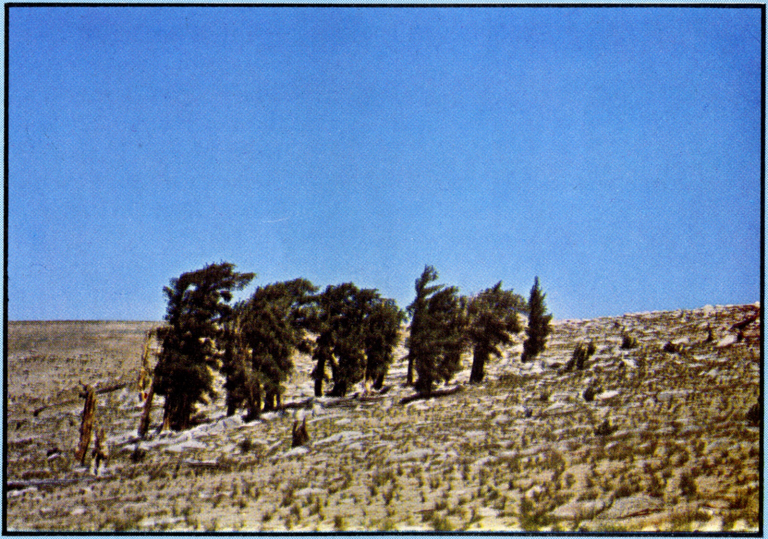
It is obvious that as society progresses, power resources must increase proportionately. If these ecology groups are successful, power plants and sources will remain as they are now — inefficient polluters. In other words, our increased power requirements will be met by power facilities barely adequate for present demands. Ecology groups may find their anti-power movement slowed considerably when they must type their innuendos on manual typewriters, under kerosene lamps in fireplace warmed rooms.

On the other side of the issue, power companies must become more ecologically conscious and less economically demanding. If they don't, all the power they can produce won't sustain life in a polluted world. Power companies must not mask their responsibility for pollution under the guise of profitability and public service. A totally polluted world is not a reflection of either profit or public service.

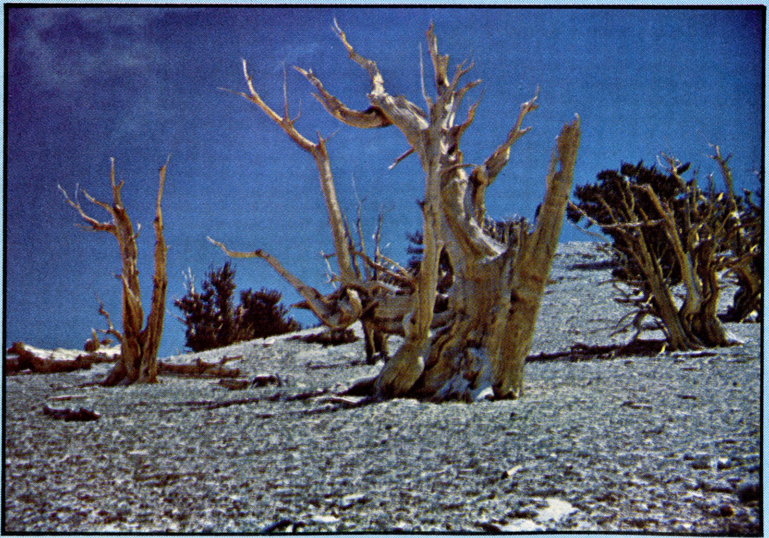
Barry L. Dodd
Editor and Publisher



Whitebark Pine
Pinus albicaulis



Foxtail Pine
Pinus balfouriana



Bristlecone Pine
Pinus longaeva

Flora and Fauna

Pines at Timberline

By Mary DeDecker

Trees which have the stamina to grow at timberline seem to become individual characters, each adapting in its own way to the long cold winters and extreme exposure. Their small stature may belie their true ages, but their growth habits are reliable indicators of the direction of the prevailing winds.

WHITEBARK PINE, *Pinus albicaulis.*
Dwarfed, often prostrate, at timberline; up to 45 feet tall in more protected locations, commonly with several trunks from the base; bark smooth and white (with a grayish cast) on young trees, becoming fissured and scaly in age; needles five in a bundle, somewhat spreading; cones dark purplish-brown, 1.5 to 2.5 inches long and almost as wide. This informal tree adapts to timberline conditions by growing low and spreading with a dense growth of needles on the windward side. It may be more like a shrub than a tree. The cones are a favorite food of the Clark's Nutcrackers, which pick them apart for the tasty nuts. Even when undisturbed, the cones disintegrate before falling to the ground. A whitebark pine, "with its back to the wind," provides excellent shelter, and its plentiful supply of fallen needles has softened many a mountaineer's bed. This is the timberline tree throughout most of the Sierra, growing mainly between 10,500 and 11,300 feet, but it is lacking in some of the basins and plateaus south of the Kings-Kern Divide.

FOXTAIL PINE, *Pinus balfouriana.*
A dark-green tree 15 to 45 feet tall, with an upright, stout, often conical trunk; bark smooth and whitish on young trees, but that of mature trees commonly in rectangular plates, rich cinnamon-brown color on trees in open stands; needles five in a bundle, held tightly together rather than spreading; cones 3 to 5 inches long, tapered or conical at the base, the scales long and thin, knobby at the tips and with delicate prickles. The foxtail pine may bow with the wind, but its trunk does not yield, even at timberline, and it offers little shelter. Young trees are slender-tapering and beautifully symmetrical, with short branches gradually reduced upward. In youth, the branches angle upward, gradually becoming horizontal, and finally drooping in age. Branchlets of mature trees are often pendulous, having a "bottlebrush" or "foxtail" appearance. This is a tree of talus slopes and high ridges in the Sierra, almost as far north as Bishop, mostly from 9,500 to 11,200 feet. It becomes the timberline tree in the absence of whitebark pine.

BRISTLECONE PINE, *Pinus longaeva* (formerly known as *Pinus aristata*).
A dark green tree 12 to 45 feet high, with a stocky trunk, often divided near the base; young trees with smooth whitish bark, which becomes rough and gray to brown in age; needles the same as those of foxtail pine; cones 2.5 to 4 inches long, slightly rounded but not conical at the base; the scales more dense than in foxtail pine cones, the thickened tips less knobby, armed with well developed prickles. The bristlecone and foxtail pines are closely related and are similar in many ways. Young trees of the two species seem identical, but growth habits differ more as they mature. The bristlecone is more likely to develop branching or multiple trunks, its bark seldom forms rectangular plates and is usually dull in color. The chief difference, however, is in the cones. The very ancient trees, which have made the bristlecones famous, have managed to endure even longer than the redwoods by replacing dying old trunks with new growth which continues against the old. Bristlecone pine is found, mostly between 9,500 and 11,200 feet, in the Inyo-White Range which parallels the Sierra on the east, and other Great Basin ranges eastward. In the White Mountains it is a timberline tree, its limit well below the lofty summits. ●

Mammoth Drifts

Correction

In the most recent issue of SIERRA we stated that the Mammoth Reservation Service was affiliated with the Mammoth Lakes Chamber of Commerce. This is incorrect. The Mammoth Reservation Service is a wholly owned subsidiary of the Mammoth Lakes Motel and Lodge Association. Additional information, a packet of descriptive brochures, may be obtained through Mammoth Reservation Service, P.O. Box 277BD, Mammoth Lakes, California 93546.

Ski Movies

Ski movies and slide talks are held at the Forest Service Visitor Center-Ranger Station, Wednesday and Saturday evenings at 7 p.m. The talks feature slides of the various uses of the Forest; skiing, snow surveys, winter recreation, etc. The slide talks are followed by a feature sound motion picture on skiing.

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Ski Tours

The Mammoth Mountain Ski tour is held twice weekly, Sunday and Thursday mornings at 10 a.m. snow and weather conditions permitting. Skiers wishing to take the tour meet at the summit of Mammoth Mountain near the upper gondola terminal. The tour requires advanced skiing ability, lasts two to three hours, and covers approximately four miles, most of which is downhill. Regular downhill ski gear is adequate for the tour. The group descends the south slope of Mammoth Mountain to the Red's Lake Vista. Ski touring technique and equipment are discussed at stops. Along the traverse to Mammoth Pass, geography and geology of the area, and the five resources including wilderness are covered in the discussions. At the pass, the tour goes next to the snow survey course. Watershed is the theme of this portion of the discussion. The tour proceeds over Mammoth Pass to some of the upper Mammoth Lakes and terminates at the outlet of Twin Lakes.

The Stamp Mill Tour is held subject to visitor demand, snow and weather conditions permitting. Requests for this tour should be directed to the Visitor Center-Ranger Station. Regular downhill ski equipment or snow shoe equipment is adequate for the tour. Participants should be of advanced beginner to intermediate ability. The tour lasts two to three hours and covers approximately two and one-half miles of cross country type terrain. The tour starts at the outlet of Twin Lakes and follows the route of the old flume to the remains of the stamp mill at Mill City. Subjects discussed during the tour include; ski touring and cross country skiing, touring and cross country equipment, the role of the Forest Service in winter sports.

New Runs at Mammoth

Padded chairs and lots of maintenance make Mammoth more enjoyable this season. Five new runs have been added. The downhill run from Chair 5 to 8 is completely changed to make it more enjoyable for the pleasure skier, by taking the sharp bumps and turns out of it and widening the run. Three new runs have been cut on Chair 10 to make it more of a skiing chair as well as an access lift. This chair will now offer great fun for the beginner to the expert with a variety of runs through the forest.

There is a new run from Chair 4 to 7 with a more northerly exposure and better grade, which we have named "Spring Canyon." The tower has been taken out of Powder Bowl to make it a larger and safer run. Stump Alley has been widened and smoothed out so that a skier can see further ahead and make the run that more enjoyable.

Chairs 1, 2, 3 and 6 all have new padded cushions that really warm up on a cold morning. Restrooms and ticket facilities are ready for use at the bottom of Chair 7 and the gardening crew spent the summer spreading straw and planting more grass to beautify the hill and insure early and late skiing on a smooth base.

The road between the lodge and Chair 4 has been widened to provide parking for another couple hundred cars. And Chair 2 parking lot has been paved!

New Trail signs and maps are being put up all over the mountain to help the newcomer find his way and the veteran find the new trails.

Another summer chore belonged to the maintenance crew. It completely took apart and reassembled each lift to prepare for the new season.

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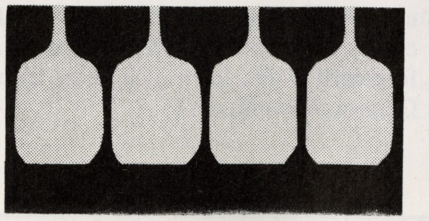

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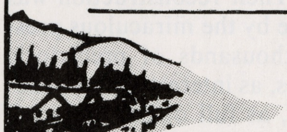

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Sierra Reads

BY EVELYN EATON

High mountains are a feeling, but the hum of human cities torture — Byron

. . . flowers for color, falcons for swiftness, Mountains for mass and quiet. Each for its quality. — Robinson Jeffers.

Bring me men to match my mountains. — Sam Walter Foss.

●

NORMAN CLYDE OF THE SIERRA NEVADA, *Rambles through the Range of Light,* Scrimshaw Press.

This is the book for those who love mountains, especiaky *these* mountains. It is for mountaineers, including those whose climbing must be restricted to field glasses from a valley floor, or expeditions in the mind.

Norman Clyde was already a legendary figure in the early 1930s. "He had climbed solo almost all the important peaks of the Sierra Nevada, rescued numerous lost souls, located crashed airplanes, and carried a pack so heavy only he could handle it," Jules Eichorn writes. Eichorn climbed with Clyde often, and was one of the trusted few who knew him best, in all his crusty, independent, mountain-fighting moods.

Few men have been so much at home in so many tight places, or have carried off so many firsts, but there is more than conquest of the environment or competitive achievement in his long partnership with the Sierra range. There is the deep rapport and understanding of the wilderness which comes from traveling it alone and living alone for months at a time, over a long lifetime, in what the awestruck Spaniards called "The Range of Light."

"To sum up," Jules Eichorn says, "for me there can never be another human being so completely in tune with his chosen environment — the mountains — as Norman Clyde."

The book is well illustrated with nostalgic old photographs, and includes a foreword by Francis Farquhar, and a long letter from Smoke Blanchard. It is published in hardback and papercover editions.

●

ROCK DRAWINGS OF THE COSO RANGE, *by Campbell Grant, James W. Baird, J. Kenneth Pringle,* Maturango Press.

This well written, well illustrated, meticulously researched account of the Coso Range on Inyo County, with its extraordinary concentration of prehistoric rock pictures, the most extensive and some of the most exciting in the New World, is the combined work of three scientists, two of them, James W. Baird and J. Kenneth Pringle, attached to the Naval Weapons Center at China Lake, the third, Campbell Grant is Research Associate in Archeology at the Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History, an authority who has written many articles and two books on Rock Pictures, who is also "an artist, illustrator, teacher and avocado grower."

Between them they have produced a fascinating account of the Coso Range and related areas, including Owens Valley and Death Valley, as they were 10,000 years ago, through later and transitional periods to the present day. Their reconstruction was made possible by the miraculous preservation of thousands of prehistoric rock drawings, as interesting, as beautiful, as vital, as full of primitive joy and earnest purpose, as any in the famous caves of France. Here live again, sympathetically evoked, those ancient peoples who pecked the rock and drew the sheep, whose culture seems to have centered round the Bighorn herds, plentiful in ancient days, as the Indians of the Great Plains relied upon the buffalo for food, clothing, and ritual magic.

It is a book to be owned by those who live in the shadow of the Sierra, and travelers passing through this land which has not changed its desert face since those early artists, stating their eager convictions, bridged ten thousand years to reach us with mysterious messages carved into the rocks.

●

THE LOOKOUT's LETTER, by Cornell Lengyel Dragon' Teeth's Press, Georgetwon, California.

There is a new publisher in the Bay Area, publishing poetry. This is a startling development. The only other firm we know devoted solely to publishing good poetry, operates from a silo in New Hampshire. *The Lookout's Letter* comes from a Fire Lookout Tower, in El Dorado National Forest — that is, the poet wrote a major part of it while he was serving as a fire watcher there. There must be some moral to be derived from these extremes.

Cornel Lengyel is widely known as an authority of the American Revolution. His *Four Days in July* has been translated into fourteen languages and a selection from it appears in the *Britannica Library of Great American Writing.* His *I Benedict Arnold* is another excellent work, but here he comes to us as a poet, deeply concerned with "the same enduring news" haunting the human spirit as "slowly our time on earth unravels." Elsewhere in this issue are poems from his collection so Sierra readers can enjoy them whole. The book comes in attractive paperback with a foreword in the form of a letter from George Santayana. ●

They've done their worst to spill
me from the tower,
the raging winds and rains and
thunder-storms;
the huge green wilderness is wet
again —
my season's done, it's time for me
to leave.
Hail and farewell, enduring
Sierra peak
and transient cage of stilts of steel
and wire;
Farewell, my hundred-foot ladder;
pulley and bucket
that brought both bread and cheese
to a spy of smokes.

Adieu, old landmarks that
befriended me.
Gray Eagle, Bunker Hill, the
Rubicon,
Robb's Peak, Bald Mountain,
Plymouth, Pino Grande,
the thousand hills of El Dorado
Forest.
For one long season I have marked
your smokes:
the time has come for you to study
mine.

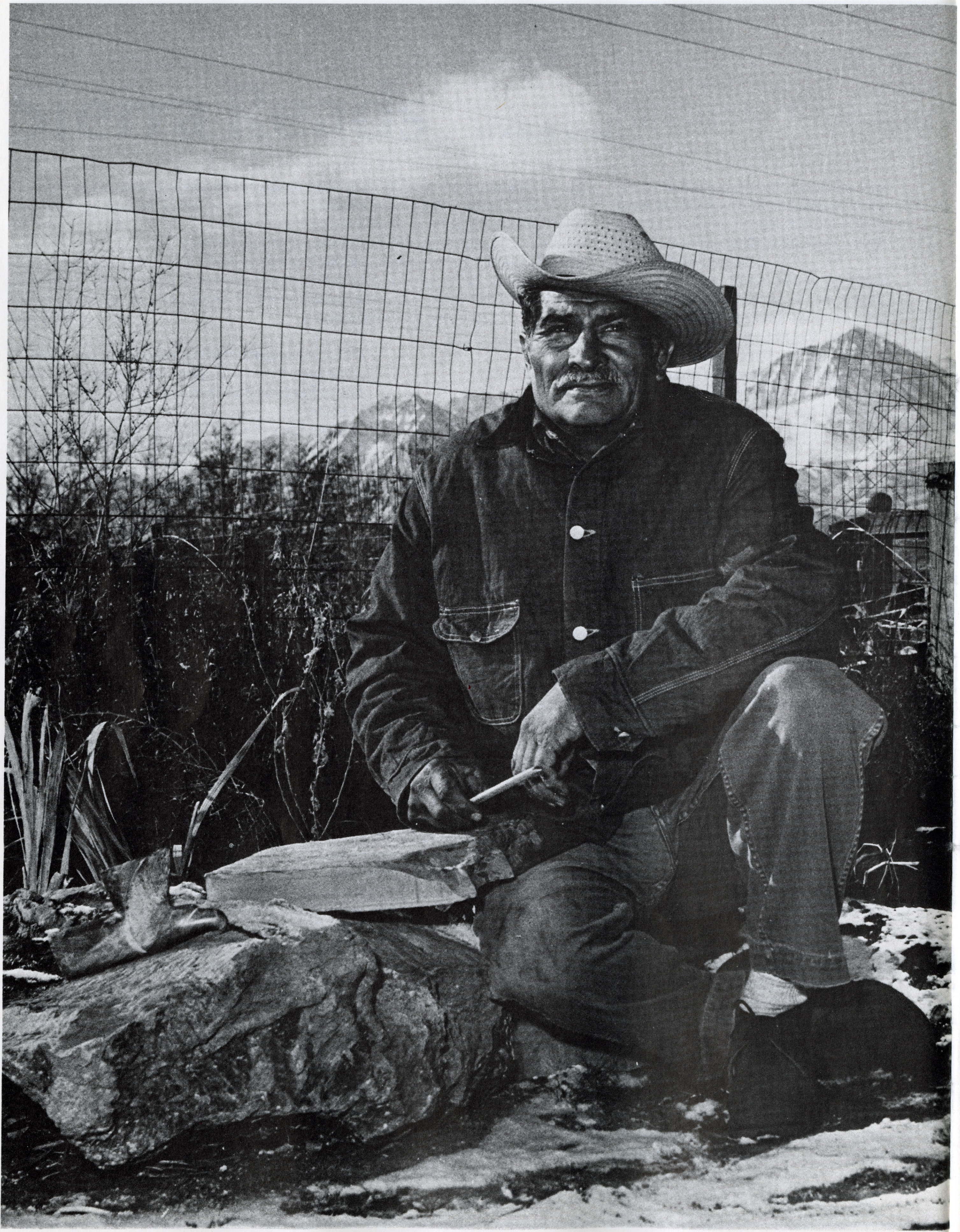
Cornell Lengyel
(From The Lookout's Letter.)

Yet also we keep the seasons of the
sheep.
moving into the desert
toward perpetual summer
the high-climbing ones
with their horns curving
towards those long dead
long dust.

O sky, we say, upstanding father,
some speech must we offer;
this tight stone shall carry our
voice.
And we harrow into it
the shapes of the spirit, the tall
ones
whose heads shall mirror the
great sun
at his clearest hour
upon our questions.
To this end
we have placed them in the high
places,
watching
confronting the wind.

From *The Shaman at Ending* by Gordon Grant *quoted from Rock Drawings of the Coso Range.*

Because we hope to print a poem or two in every issue of *Sierra*, you are invited to send original contributions to the Literary Editor, accompanied by a self addressed, stamped envelope.



The Indians of Owens Valley

The Paiutes, Shoshones, the Washoes wait and work . . .

By S.M.

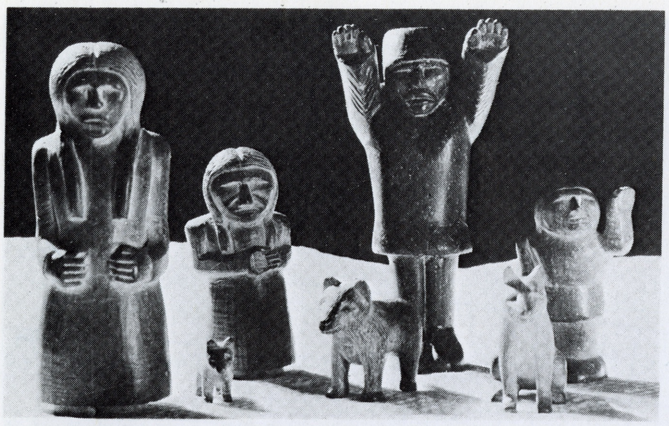
They are strung out in small communities on or near the reservations scattered through the Owens Valley. They are remnants of the powerful tribes who once roamed a territory with probably more geographic variety than any other region of comparable size in North America. These indians are equally at home in the snows of the High Sierra or on the blistering rocks and sand dunes of Death Valley, Paiutes, Shoshones, an occasional Washoe, now live almost unnoticed. Their chief business is to maintain their ancient culture as far as modern conditions and the struggle against poverty permit.

They are not publicity-minded, commercially oriented or tourist greedy. For this reason, perhaps, they have been able to retain and revive some of their ancestral arts and old-time ways of doing and living, without betraying them to the marketplace. Much of the beautiful work they do is not and never will be for sale. They make it for themselves, their families and friends, to be enjoyed and used in the ancient ways.

Considering the smallness of their numbers, and the hard conditions of their survival, there is a surprising and impressive tally of highly skilled artists in different media, especially among the older men and women. There is, for instance, a sculptor, whose work is beginning to be widely known.

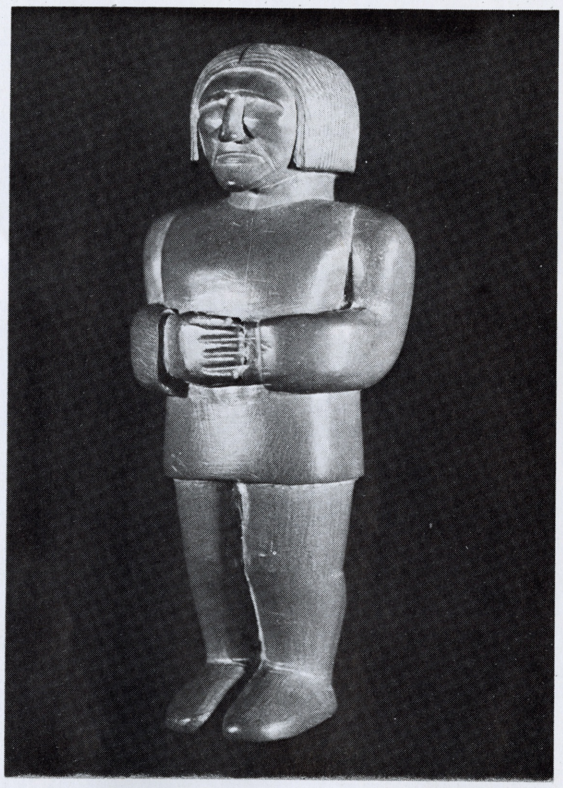
Raymond Stone — the name is appropriate — like his father Tom Stone before him, is a leader in the Indian community. He has been called "the walking treasury of Owens Valley History" for his knowledge and love of the region. He is the pipemaker for his people, and lately, from the red catilin used for pipe-heads he has been carving small figures, of people, animals, birds, and other symbolic pieces, with special significance

Raymond Stone: His carvings recall a culture . . .

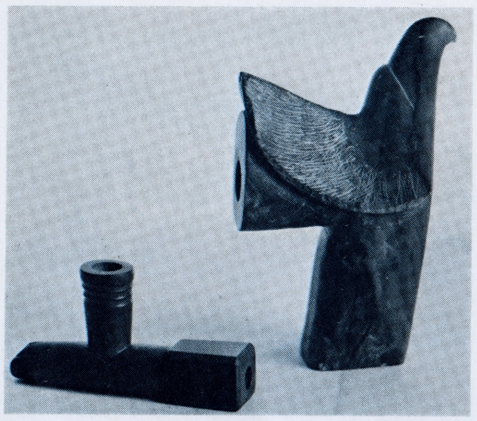


These are the people of the pipe maker . . .

The Indians are recognized for what they do . . .



The red catilin is used for pipe-heads . . .



The Indians

Paiutes,

Shoshones,

Washoes wait and work . . .

for those who follow the Paiute way, but they also have a wider appeal as genuine works of art.

The chief of special collections for the University of Boston Libraries, Dr. Howard B. Gotlieb, recently saw some of Raymond Stone's work in photograph, and offered to put them on display in the Mugar Memorial Library, one of the greatest repositories in the world for 20th Century artifacts. On their 3000-mile journey to boston the art work was shown in Indiana, at the Floyd county Museum in New Albany, before an interested group with special knowledge of the Paiute culture. The Raymond Stone pieces were also shown to private collectors and to one director of a New York foundation which is interested in Indian culture.

The judgment and enthusiasm of these widely different viewers and authorities was the same. Offers to purchase the pieces or to include some of them in a permanent collection, were made, but they were not for sale and must return to the Owens Valley. Raymond Stone has his own definite ideas and plans for this group of figures.

"They call it carving, but I call it whittling," he said. "I started about a year ago. These carvings that I did seem like a part of me. They have a meaning of something hard to explain. As I look back I know the Great Power, as we call our Great Spirit, intended for me to do these carvings so that it would be an outlet for our people, for our way of life and our way of belief, and also maybe as I go on doing so, it will inspire some of our people throughout the valley, our Indian people to be able to see them and do a little carving themselves. So these figures that I have carved, as long as I live they will be here with us, we'll keep them. Now and then maybe they will be taken to show some school or some other group or some museum, so that people may see them

The Piautes were always noted for fine basketry . . .

Baskets hold water, sift grain and store things . . .

and understand they have been done by work of our own Valley Indians, and also in time our Indian people here throughout the Valley will be recognized for what they are, for their dignity and what they do and how they are."

This is also the spirit among the other artists and craftsmen, the desire to show what their people stand for, what their old ways meant and what their old people have taught them. They sell an occasional piece if and when they must, but prefer to keep, to treasure and *use* the beautiful things they make, and those handed down to them.

There is a time to gather willow, and a time to work on it. The right kind of willow is becoming difficult to find. Much of it is dying out, some has been bulldozed away, some is contaminated with spray, and since the strands for weaving are held and passed through the mouth and must be constantly moistened, sprayed willows cannot be used. Still, although it takes longer and is harder and less rewarding, groups go out in the old companionable way to gather willow in the fall, and peel and prepare it together.

The Paiutes were always noted for exceptionally fine basketry. They make baskets to hold water, to sift nuts and grain, to store things, even to wear — the distinctive small hat baskets are still in use for protection against falling sap from pinon trees. The designs woven into the baskets are those going far back to ancient times. They have a traditional meaning which the weavers know, but will not talk about.

Paiute women still make cradleboards of buckskin and willow for their lucky babies. No more convenient cradle-transport has ever been devised for the comfort of a mother and a child. The baby, fastened securely to his mother's back, feels her nearness, her strength, her protecting love, but he looks out on the interesting world, instead of only upwards into an enormous human face. *Rock-abye Baby, on the Treetop,* must have been written with a cradleboard in mind, fastened to a branch, as one sometimes sees them, even today, with the breeze for baby-sitter, while mother works nearby.

Winter is the time for beadwork too, headbands, medallions and necklaces, in old authentic designs. Much of this beautiful native art work can be seen at the annual Fair held in Bishop in July. Some of it can be purchased there. There is also an excellent collection of Paiute basket and beadwork at the Eastern California Museum in Independence.

Other arts are being revived. There is the Paiute language, with its complicated syntax and grammar. Learning that properly is an art in itself. It is being taught in regular classes to adults and children in Bishop and Big

And, there is now a revival of music . . .

The Indians

Paiutes,

Shoshones,

Washoes wait and work . . .

Pine, by several older women who have spoken it since childhood.

There is also a revival of music. Tape recorders are being used to preserve some of the old chants and songs. Men gather in each others' houses or on the hillside with their drums, to sing a little, talk a little and sit together in the winter afternoon sun. In ancient times the Paiutes did not use drums, but a divided stick, which shaken rhythmically, tapped an accompaniment to song. Times change, now they use drums which they make themselves of rawhide stretched over wooden frames, but the songs, the talk, the companionship, remain the same.

These proud and patient people share a dream, growing slowly to a hope that sometime, in their lifetime, perhaps *soon,* a portion of their sacred ancestral lands at Coso Range may be restored to them for spiritual and healing purposes, that Coso Hot Springs may be reopened for the use and benefit of all. When that happens, new life will flow through the valley and the blessing of the Great Spirit spread over the land.

As Raymond Stone put it, when he acted as spokesman for a group which journeyed to Coso Hot Springs in November, 1971, to meet with government officials and other authorities, to discuss the situation and set forth the Indian point of view:

"This land that I talk about is one of our sources of religion. Our people years and years back used this land for healing. They came here and took the mud baths and drank the water that comes out of the hot springs, and as I look back from today to yesterday it must be a wonderful country in there, from what I can understand from some of the older people who travelled that place. It has something that the Great Spirit has set aside for the people to use, not to sell it, and not to abuse it in any way, but to go there and pray and use what is there for help on their way."

Meanwhile they wait and work.

Indian News

POPULATION DOUBLES

Once mourned as the vanishing American, the native Indian of the United States has staged a dramatic population spurt that has doubled his numbers over the past two decades, U.S. census officials say.

A 1970 census survey shows that the American Indian population is now growing four times as rapidly as mankind as a whole in America.

Census officials said this drastic rise in figures might be due in small part to the current tendency of Indians to describe themselves as Indians rather than white. There is an increasing pride of heritage, they said.

But the over-riding cause is the improvement in general health which has added four years to the life expectancy of the American Indian over 15 years. It has also cut the infant mortality rate in half.

In 1950, the life expectancy of the American Indian was 60 years compared to 68 for whites, statistics showed. By 1967, the Indian figure had increased by four years while that for whites had improved by only two.

Indians have generally had a higher birth rate than whites, but the infant death rate has also been considerably higher. This has been sharply reduced, however, officials said. In 1950, the Indian mortality rate was 63 infant deaths per 1,000 live births. By 1968, the rate had decreased to 31. The white figure in 1968 was 22.

The Indian population has more than doubled since 1950 when there were 343,410 Indians in the United States. By 1960 there were 523,591 and in 1970 the figure had risen to 792,730.

In both decades, the growth rate among Indians was little more than 5 percent compared to a general national population growth rate of 1.3 percent in the 1960s and 1.8 percent in the 1950s.

3:58.0 MILE

Roger Bannister was the first man to break the 1-minute mile right? But that's by the track record books.

Check the Nebraska State Historical Society Journal which says a Pawnee Indian named KOO-tah-we-cots-oo-let-e-hoo-shar (or Big Hawk Chief for short) was clocked in 3:58.0 back in the days of the old west.

His time reportedly was clocked by American Army officers with stopwatches, who later re-measured with steel tape.

The Chief handled long distances pretty well, too. He once ran from the Pawnee Agency to Wichita — 120 miles — in 24 hours and came right back the other direction in 20 hours the next day.

BISHOP TOURNAMENT

The Bishop Indian Athletic Association is sponsoring the Second Annual All-Indian Basketball Tournament Feb. 11-13.

Tournament invitations have been sent to the top rated teams in the Western States.

An Indian Queen will be selected to reign over the three day event. The tickets are now for sale at 50 cents each, and the girl selling the largest number of tickets will determine the queen. The prizes given away on the ticket sales will consist of first prize, Indian Baby Basket; second prize, Pendleton Indian Blanket; third prize, Indian Round Basket.

The tournament will be in the Bishop Union High School Boy's Gym.

There will be a dance on Saturday evening, Feb. 12, featuring a Western-Rock band.

One of the features of the tournament will be "Indian Red" Lopez and his brother "Little Red" Lopez, staging an exhibition boxing match. "Indian Red" Lopez fought for the world's welterweight title recently and lost to Jose Napoles. "Indian Red" currently is the world's No. 1 contender. He has fought approximately 53 fights and lost 7, with 24 knockouts. His weight is 147 pounds. "Little Red" Lopez is currently rated as the world's No. 1 bantamweight boxer, having 8 fights and 8 knockouts. His weight is 118 pounds. Both brothers are members of the Ute Tribe of Fort Duchesne, Utah.

HOT SPRINGS COLD WAR

Two hundred years ago, Father Junipero Serra noted that Indians traveled great distances to Coso Hot Springs to soothe and cure their ailments. They came with their rheumatism, their stomach and liver complaints, and their injured limbs for the comfort offered by the steaming sulphurous springs and mud baths. The legend of the springs near China Lake, Calif. was handed down through the generations and there are even Indians living today who can remember seeking the "Coso Cure" in the early 1900s. Now the Paiute and Shoshone Indians of the Owens Valley are trying to recover the springs for commercial development to provide an economic base for their communities.

We were told the history of this struggle by Demila Jenner, a free-lance writer who lives in Benton, Calif. She tells us that the Navy acquired 529,000 acres of land in Inyo and Kern counties — including the Coso Hot Springs-Devil's Kitchen site — during condemnation procedures in 1945. This property is now the China Lake Naval Weapons Center, where new weapons are tested. For over five years, the Inter-Tribal Council of California has been unsuccessfully petitioning the Navy for permission to use and develop the springs.

The Indians would like to build a health resort to attract tourists and provide enough income to make the tribes economically self-sufficient. In addition, managing the spa could provide training in skills needed for jobs elsewhere.

So far the Navy has turned a deaf ear to the requests of Earl Greeno, area coordinator of the Inter-Tribal Council, and Shelden D. Elliott, a retired dean of the USC Law School who is serving as volunteer legal counsel for the tribes. Navy spokesmen insist such use "would severely impair the center's test capability." Although the council points out that the springs are not in the actual testing area, the Navy counters that impact areas are nearby and it would not be safe to "allow human occupancy so close to impact areas."

The council replies that cattle grazing is permitted from November to May 30; hunting is allowed within the center during open season; and there are pumice mining operations just outside center boundaries. Since the Coso Hot Springs-Devil's Kitchen area is close to the outer western boundary of the center, the Indians feel it would be simple to adjust the boundary to exclude approximately 10,000 acres, including this area.

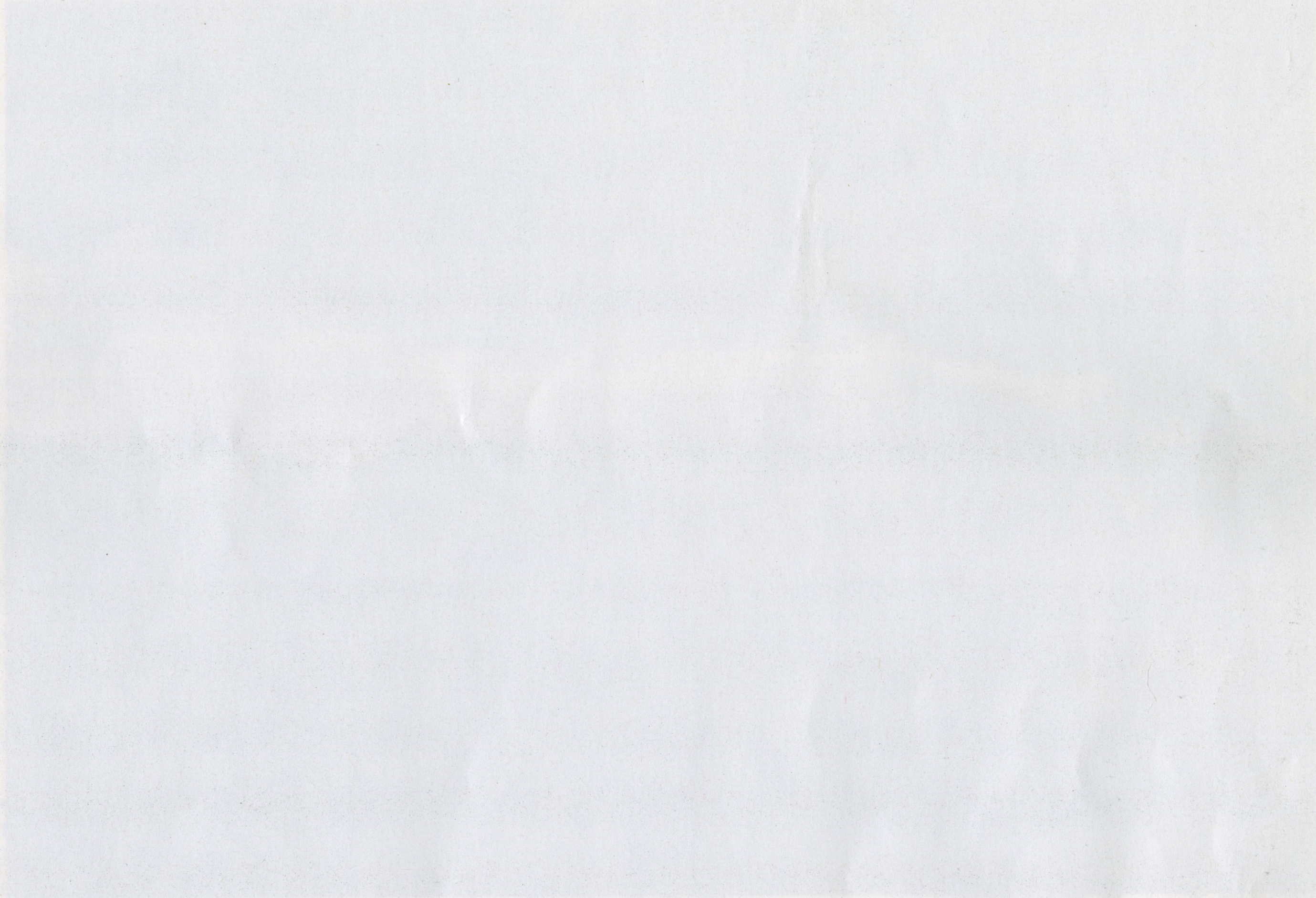
Elliott says "the Indians were the original users and owners of the springs and they never willingly relinquished their possession of the area. During the 1860s they were dispossessed by miners who drove the Indians from their colony, not for therapeutic bathing, but for the scattered mines in the area."

"As usual, the Indian lost out," adds Grenno, "and he had no one to represent him, to say if he had a right to return or not." Large eastern syndicates wwre interested in developing the springs, but they were prevented from obtaining title by the confusing patchwork of mining claims. Thus it was easy for the Navy to acquire the land through condemnation proceedings.

Although the Navy's response remains an unequivocal "No," the Indians' cause has picked up the support of several prominent politicians and archeologists.

Meanwhile, says Demila Jenner, the hot mineral-laden waters and fine-grained, clay mud lie undisturbed benefiting no one — their therapeutic and economic potential unrealized. ●

The world stands out on either side
No wider than the heart is wide;
Above the world is stretched the
sky,
No higher than the heart is high.
— Edna St. Vincent Millay.



Stand and Stare

BY EVELYN EATON

No one, not even the poets themselves, though most of them tried, has managed to come up with a satisfying definition of poetry, what it is, what it does, why it is "relevant" to this age and every age, why we cannot do without it if we hope to live the fullest life open to human experience.

Most people are born with a natural taste for poetry. Children instinctively make up poems and enjoy being read to. Then somewhere along the line this taste or talent is allowed to atrophy. Later they will say, "Poetry? Not for me. I don't understand a word of it," if they don't say ruder things. Some of us say the same about football, because we never go to a game, we are never exposed to the intricacies of an art giving pleasure to many millions. In the same way people who would otherwise enjoy poetry, do not enjoy it because they never read it.

Dylan Thomas said poetry was "statements on the way to the grave," meaning among other things, truths important enough to hurl in the teeth of death.

Ovid said "Poetry comes fine spun from a mind at peace."

Christopher Morley said "Poetry comes with anger, hunger and dismay."

All of them were right, because poetry deals with every experience loose in the universe, death, birth, quiet minds, anger, hunger, ecstasy, peeling potatoes, interplanetary flight, scientific concepts . . . when Einstein wanted to make one of his formulas memorable he went, consciously or unconsciously, into perfect iambic pentameter:

> *"In our time there is neither space nor time, but only space-time curved about the stars."*

That is poetry. So is Dylan Thomas' statement about the passage of time, in three small every-day words, "a grief ago." We know from his arrangement of these words, roughly how long a time it was — the

Stand and Stare

time it takes for a grief to become "ago," and the sort of time it was. One of the touchestones of good poetry is that poets take ordinary words and, by arranging them in an original, extraordinary way, forces readers to *hear* what they are saying, instead of treating them like background noises. Once we hear we're apt to agree.

"Poetry is simply the most beautiful, impressive and widely effective mode of saying things," Mathew Arnold decided. "The best words in the best order," Coleridge agreed. Someone else found "Poetry is memorable speech." Cornel Lengyel thinks it must have "music, meaning, magic."

I like what A. E. Housman has to say, since he is dealing not only with the quality of poetry, but with the quality of our response to it. Housman says that he could no more define poetry than a rat can define a terrier, but he fancies that both he and the rat would recognize the object before them from the effect it had on them when they encountered it. "The Spirit of the Lord passed before my face, and the hair of my head stood up," as the poet-prophet of Ur remarked about his source of inspiration.

Marianne Moore speaks of "The Lion's pounce." Yevtushenko says, "A poet has only one indispensable quality: Whether he is simple or complicated, people must need him. Poetry, if it's genuine, is not a racing car rushing senselessly around and around a closed track: It is an ambulance rushing to save someone."

The sense of urgency, of serious priority, is present in genuine poetry, and we are not considering here the pretentious imitations sludged off on the long-suffering public.

The effect of a great poem upon a reader even partially aware of the art of reading, with a listening ear, is like that . . . a mixture of startled excitement and instant flight or pursuit. There are two artists involved in the experience, both of them stretched to the uttermost of imagination, nerve, perception . . . it is at once a lonely and companionable moment.

Of course we are not often confronted by so great a beast as the

Hound of Heaven, or a lion, or even a terrier. Sometimes it is a lesser encounter evoking less response. We do not find an eagle every day, or discover a poet. But there is always the chance, if we are ready for it. Somewhere, sometime, during the dullest day, we are apt to see "a bird's wing making beautiful the sky."

Only yesterday, although I know it is ten years ago, I saw a Bighorn Sheep, silhouetted against the sunrise above Deep Spring Lake, on a part of the mountain that looks like the Great Wall of China. I thought of his counterpart in ancient Egypt, where he and his kind were held to be sacred, and of his precarious survival for thousands of years, in a world of predators, like the survival of the creative artist, beset by the same destroyers, greed, indifference, ignorance, the dull and unimaginative, with guns and sprays, who cannot replace and are no substitute for the unique beauty they destroy — beauty which belongs to all of us.

"The future of the bighorn is inexorably tied to the attitude of man toward the natural world in which he lives. The nature of this attitude may determine the quality as well as the quantity of the encroachment with which the entire world community will have to contend — whether, as Aldo Leopold expressed it, man continues to consider himself the conqueror of the living world or attains the wisdom to become a fellow citizen in it, sharing with other creatures the rights and privileges of living." (Ralph and Florence Welles, in *Rock Drawings of the Coso Range.*)

The creative artist is the great sharer-with-other-creatures, the mountain climber, who explores where we aspire but cannot go, the deep sea diver, moving freely in the depths still closed to most of us, the ecologist by nature, recycling and compacting the debris, the raw material, even the sewage of the world and of his own ravaged life, into new and serviceable beauty.

It is a hard, heroic, satisfactory life, an endangered one.

"To realize an enduring work of the mind the creative man must practice more than ordinary virtues. The strength and dedication and discipline required, and the energy expended to accomplish his work rivals the legendary labors of Hercules. The practice of a creative art is a private ritual which starts with the taming of the ancestral ape in any man . . . in an age of mass value the practice of an art is one of the few areas left whereby the individual may test his highest capacities, draw on all his inner resources, and spend himself freely in his full humanity." (Cornel Lengyel in *The Creative Self.*)

Browning compares the experience of catching a glimpse of Shelley with finding an eagle's feather . . . collector's treasure, memorable days.

The poet, the Bighorn, the eagle, are all endangered species. So is the aware reader. It is up to the general public whether any of them survive. ●

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Mammoth the Mysterious

Wild forces create a skiier's paradise . . .

By Ben Rinaldo

Sportsmen, skiers in particular have long know that Mammoth Mountain is an anomaly. They have long known that this strange mountain gets more snow than anywhere else; that when all other ski areas have closed down in the spring, that Mammoth is still snow laden, and the skiers still flock there well into June and often into July as well.

There are times when a skier can stand atop nearby June Mountain in bright sunlight and, looking across the very few miles between, see a snow storm going on at Mammoth.

A man named Dave McCoy noticed this phenomena many years ago. He operated a small rope tow ski area some miles down the road. He was plagued with not enough snow to operate a long enough season. He searched the nearby Sierra and found that Mammoth Mountain got more snow, and held more snow than any other nearby place. He moved his operation there in the early 1950s and, today, his Mammoth Mountain ski area is known around the world.

Yet this doesn't answer the basic question. Why all that snow?

A look at a good map of the region gives part of the answer. There is a break in the long chain of the Sierra Nevada Mountains which stretch for miles from just north of Mojave on one end to the Oregon border and farther on the other. The break, caused by a violent upheaval millions of years ago, split the range apart, and ended with an upsurge of molten granite in the middle of the split. This left one lone mountain sitting all by itself in the range of other peaks. However, its summit is not any higher than many surrounding peaks that get much less snow.

A check with the Weather Service Climatologist in San Francisco did little to settle the problem. He offered the possible solution that there are air currents that bring extra weather here. So, we get to the heart of the problem.

Again checking the map, you will see that storms and more minor air currents drifting East from the Pacific Ocean and South out of the Yukon push up against the long range of mountains that is the Sierra. They roll and bubble and one place where they can break through the range is that old split in the middle of which sits Mammoth. They do drift through and Mammoth picks up all the bits and pieces of the currents, so many of which carry precipitation which they then dump.

From another aspect, other storms that have entered western Canada drift south and follow the other side of the Sierra down that long valley which becomes the Owens Valley. These currents, too, carry some precipitation, and often they will drift into that same split in the range. Again Mammoth is there to accept what they have to offer.

Result, a few inches of snow drift in from all directions several days each week, and build up the snow pack that keeps skiers happy; that has been responsible for establishment of what has become the largest community in Mono County. ●

Legislation by Chainsaw

By Edgar A. Wayburn

This provocative question recently headlined a full-page advertisement that ran in major newspapers from New York to San Francisco. The ad showed a dramatic picture of a redwood forest being stripped and scraped bare by modern logging. The text explained how continued cutting was deciding the boundaries of the proposed Redwood National Park, even while Congress was deliberating where those boundaries should be. An urgent plea for action to rescue the proposed park was made, and there were coupons for readers to clip and mail to Congress, the President, and the Georgia Pacific Lumber Company.

It was a very unusual ad. The product being sold was a national park. Instead of money, readers were asked to spend time, thought and action. The ad was run not for profit but for the public good. And while it was primarily a plea to save a superb small piece of the American scene, it was also a challenge to the time-honored American tradition of looking at trees as so many board-feet of lumber.

Who would run such an ad? And why?

The advertiser was the Sierra Club, one of the country's most venerable conservation organizations and clearly its most unconventional. The ad was only one of a series aimed at awakening the American people to a number of conservation crises around them; along with the redwoods, the subjects included the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River, Washington's North Cascades, San Francisco's great bay — all irreplaceable scenic treasures threatened with destruction by incompatible development. Equally important, the series focused on the underlying and basic problems of wise land-use, of preserving open space, and of maintaining a livable as well as a beautiful environment.

Advertising is just one facet of the Sierra Club's unique volunteer-directed program. In 1970, the Sierra Club is the country's largest activist conservation organization, with a membership approaching 90,000. It is a publishing company, winner of many coveted book awards; it is pioneering in the development of conservation law, engaged in some fifty legal actions; it has the largest outing program of any outdoor organization. It is a club of hikers, climbers, skiers, river-runners, but most of all, of dedicated and enlightened volunteer conservationists. Although the club has been called too bold and too militant, and has had its ears cuffed by the Internal Revenue Service for "influencing legislation," it is probably the single most effective broad conservation organization on earth. And the last year has seen an enormous awakening of the public to the importance of the issues the Club has fought to define and to defend.

As one octogenarian member asked recently: "What would John Muir have thought of it all?"

Muir probably would have been delighted. His was a small world; 90,000 people was the combined population of three Bay Area counties when he became a founding member and first president of the Sierra Club in 1892. But he was a man who knew an environmental crisis when he saw one, and he used every means at hand to meet it. From the beginning, he considered the Sierra Club a unique vehicle for action — conventional or unconventional as the case demanded.

Born in Scotland, John Muir, naturalist and explorer, came to the United States, grew up in Wisconsin and then wandered westward. In 1868, he walked from San Francisco to Yosemite to take a job as a sheepherder (en route, he waded for dozens of miles through a sea of wild flowers in the San Joaquin valley). When he saw the Sierra Nevada, the Range of Light, he lost his heart to it. For the rest of his life he was a passionate advocate for this magnificent part of his environment which he saw threatened by neglect and misuse. He wrote about the Sierra, stumped the legislative halls to save a part of the range in a national park, and was a prime mover in forming the fighting organization which bore their name, and which would ever be associated with him.

There were 182 founding members of the Sierra Club, physicians, lawyers, professors, artists, even a University presi-

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dent (David Starr Jordan). Each in his own way was as involved as John Muir: each contributed his special talent and sphere of influence to further the purpose of the club.

The original stated purpose was "To explore, enjoy and render accessible the Sierra Nevada." Hardly before the ink was dry on the By-Laws, the club was on its way to becoming the *enfant terrible* of California's earliest conservation efforts. Even then, the membership recognized a broad spectrum of critical problems, and took action accordingly. In 1892, it was pushing (successfully) for the establishment of Forest Reserves, later to become our National Forests, and before long it was urging formation of a National Park Service. It fought for the coastal redwoods (*Sequoia sempervirens*) and the Sierra big trees (*Sequoiadendron gigantea*), for Washington's Mt. Rainier National Park, and for Montana's Glacier National Park, even while it battled to enlarge Yosemite National Park and to save Hetch-Hetchy valley — the "second Yosemite" — from being dammed to supply San Francisco with water the city could have gotten elsewhere.

Formed for action, the club lost no time in developing effective tools. From the beginning, it assumed the multi-faceted character that would make it unique among its brethren conservation organizations. The Sierra Nevada, the redwoods, Mt. Rainier National Park — all needed to be better and more widely understood: a publications program was initiated with the semi-annual *Sierra Club Bulletin,* published first in 1893 and continuously since then. This journal went far beyond mountaineering to educate and to inform its readers on current conservation issues; it still does. People needed to see the mountains and experience their beauty first hand to love and understand them: in 1901 an outing program was launched to send travelers into the unknown country of the Sierra Nevada. Perhaps the most colorful safaris in mountaineering history, the club's early High Trips moved more than 200 people for hundreds of miles through the wilderness, carrying enormous stoves (with stove pipes), a professional chef, and pantalooned ladies who often out-climbed the gentlemen.

Following a fire, which destroyed its early records and library, the Sierra Club moved into the Mills Building in 1903 where its headquarters have remained ever since. Here, a new library was built that has grown into perhaps the finest single conservation and mountaineering collection in the country. Here, also, Will Colby, one of the great conservationists of all time and secretary of the club for 34 years, kept the membership records in a shoebox until the cards spilled over. When John Muir died in 1914, broken-hearted over the loss of Hetch-Hetchy, 1,797 members mourned his passing. In its first 22 years, the Sierra Club had grown nearly tenfold.

John Muir left a legacy of exceptional leadership. He also left the big idea — not peculiarly his own but articulated by him with eloquence and grace for the Sierra Club — that the beautiful places of the earth were important for their own sake and important to all people. He had already challenged the old order to prove this idea, and developed an extraordinarily able and viable organization in the process. His successors would be responsive to the immediate conservation needs of their time, and would look ahead to the greater needs of the future.

Through two world wars and a major depression, the club was to grow more slowly, but steadily. Members continued to hike, bag peaks, build trails, map the Sierra Nevada, and plant fish in its crystal streams. They saw the National Park Service established in 1916; they worked with the Save the Redwoods League in early (and unsuccessful) attempts to gain a Redwood National Park; and they helped establish California's State Park System, as well as Olympic National Park. They crowned their conservation efforts with a successful campaign for King's Canyon National Park, which was dedicated in 1940.

In World War II one-third of the club's members served in the armed forces. Along with the rest of the military they traveled far both in this country and

(Continued on Page 28)

Chainsaw

(Continued from Page 27)

abroad, and when they returned home they saw a change in the lands they had lived in and loved. The technological age had burst upon California to transform the landscape, and Sierra Club members were among the first to appreciate the threats to nature.

In the early '50's, they were 7,000 strong; the club had spawned seven chapters. But hardly anybody outside of California had heard of the Sierra Club. In 1952, that was to change.

That year, three major events occurred within the club. The By-Laws were amended: no longer was the club's purpose "to render accessible" but "to protect" the Sierra Nevada and now "other scenic resources of the United States and its forests, waters, wildlife and wilderness." The Sierra Club was moving into the national arena.

Becoming national, it initiated employment of a professional staff. The first executive director, David R. Brower, was to remain in that capacity for 17 years. The present executive director is Michael McCloskey, Harvard AB (1956).

Implementing the club's broader objectives, the Board of Directors decided to go all out in the fight to save Dinosaur National Monument. A small piece of Utah real estate that few Sierra Club members had heard of, much less visited, Dinosaur National Monument was threatened with flooding as part of the upper Colorado River project of the Bureau of Reclamation. At issue was the integrity of the National Park System. If Dinosaur could be violated for the economic use of water, what would stop the violation of other parks for logging, hunting, mining, freeways?

The Sierra Club put its traditional tools to work to defend the rights ot the parks and the public at large. The *Bulletin* carried feature articles on Dinosaur, exploring all aspects of the problem. The Outing Committee scheduled trips into the area so that people could see, first hand, what was involved. And, in tune with the times, new tools were developed. The club produced two documentary films for broad distribution. It assisted in preparation of *This is Dinosaur,* a handsome A. A. Knopf publication. David Brower spoke at the Washington, D.C., hearings and with what he called his "ninth-grade" arithmetic, made the Bureau of Reclamation's figures look foolish. Members, now joining from all over the country, bombarded Congress with protests against the Bureau's proposed action. The club co-operated with other conservation groups in marshalling a remarkable upsurge of public opinion to save Dinosaur.

After four years, victory came in 1956: Congress decreed that no project dams could invade the national park system. In retrospect, this was a monumental ahievement, marking a turn in the tide of conservation events. A handful of dedicated citizens had alerted the country to a threat to our natural heritage; they had gained unexpected grassroots support; they had beaten down the entrenched bureaucrats, and Washington, D.C., would never be quite the same. The Sierra Club emerged as a young, vigorous and growing leader of a new national conservation effort. History had made a new Sierra Club, and the Sierra Club had made history.

Such was to be the club's pattern. The Dinosaur battle was just the beginning: as America's population began its postwar upswing, so did the conservation crises. When the developers moved into new areas, conflicting demands were made on the land. More and more people watched their favorite places disappear forever under concrete, saw beloved hills vanish beneath the treads of bulldozers, beheld their favorite streams dammed, diverted or made into open sewers. More and more people turned to the Sierra Club for strong, bold, enlightened leadership in helping to shape progress intelligently instead of being shaped helplessly by it. The needs and challenges were undreamed-of and enormous, but the club grew to meet them.

In 1960, the publishing program assumed a new direction and dimension with the printing of *This is the American Earth* by Ansel Adams and Nancy Newhall. A big book with stunning black and white photographs and a poetic and poignant text, it was the first of the Exhibit Format Series whose chief architect and editor was David Brower. Other volumes followed, using magnificent color to show people the beautiful places they might not otherwise see, repeating the timeless words of Thoreau and Muir, as well as adding contemporary facts and writers to tell why these places should be saved. Of exceptional beauty and quality themselves, these prize-winning books established the Sierra Club as a major member of the publishing world. More recently, paperback editions have put the Exhibit Format series — now 19 in number — into the hands of millions of people.

Along with books, new films were being produced. To get its message across the club was using other media, radio, TV, and the press, in addition to its advertising program in newspapers. Frequent press conferences were held as battles were won, or new ones initiated.

The most recent addition to the club's artillery has been the innovation of legal action. The club has filed suits challenging the land-use decisions of various agencies when those decisions have been contrary to the public interest. Initial victories have been won in New York State (halting the construction of a large power plant complex at Storm King Mountain and the routing of the Hudson River Expressway); in Colorado (stopping the logging of land adjacent to a potential wilderness of the U.S. Forest Service); in California (halting the proposed Walt Disney development of Mineral King, a fragile and exceptionally beautiful valley in the Sequoia National Forest).

Staff, facilities and office space have been added to the San Francisco headquarters, and new offices have been opened in New York City, Washington, D.C., Seattle, Tucson, Los Angeles, and most recently, Alaska. Groups, and then chapters, have been organized through the midwest, the southeast, the Gulf states, Hawaii, and Alaska.

As the club has become more involved in the public arena and made more news, the rate of growth has equalled, and far surpassed, the upward spiral of its fledgling days: membership has been increasing at 25 to 30 percent a year. With up to 2,400 new applicants to be processed a month, and with thousands of members wanting to participate actively, the club has experienced some of the growth pains of any tremendously successful, swiftly expanding organization.

While many members join to support a going campaign, others bring new problems and projects of their own. As the Board of Directors, still dedicated volunteers who give enormously of their time and talents, has grappled with a staggering volume of complex demands for action from all corners of the country, a system of national conservation priorities has been developed. Chapters handle the local battles. Although often accused of being negative, the club has always had a strong positive program for action, as the priorities reflect. Programs include the completion of the National Park System, and broad support for the United States Forest Service and National Park Service as they classify their Wilderness under the provisions of the 1964 Wilderness Act, itself passed with strong help from the club. This support involves active field work by club members, frequent testimony at hearings and a close working relation with the federal land administrators.

Other priority projects are more specific and more colorful. The fight for a Redwood National Park, concurrent with two other major efforts — to protect Grand Canyon from being dammed and to gain establishment of the North Cascades National Park — called forth the full resources of the club. Not won easily, and not won completely, these three landmark battles still ended with major first-round victories. (Neither the North Cascades Park nor the Redwood National Park is the size it should be, and Grand Canyon National Park has yet to be enlarged to take in the full Grand Canyon.) In the course of these battles, the country and many members of Congress began to understand how fast the environmental crises were crowding upon us and how much a great many people cared. Legislation in the 89th Congress reflected a new awareness and a recognition that conservation, itself, was a growing political issue.

Most recent priorities of the club have been defined as Alaska (the last great relatively untouched wilderness of the United States and its most magnificent), Florida's Everglades, the Great Lakes, and the country's endangered estuaries. Topping the list, however, is a priority stated simply as Environmental Survival, which includes consideration of the problems of population, pesticides and pollution. It gives formal recognition to the fact that the club has greatly broadened its concept and concern in recent years. The club has become aware that, priorities or no, conservation issues can no longer be considered singly. Urban planning and the need for open space are as crucial as saving national parks, and each is a part of the total picture. Smog does not respect wilderness areas and sonic booms pursue mountaineers on the most remote peaks. All people need pure water; all are dependent upon a living ocean for the air they breathe. Man, who has developed his technology to the point where he can launch a space ship into orbit, is himself the inhabitant of a space ship with a finite carrying capacity, Earth. It is long past time for man to apply the scientific method to examining and understanding the problems of his overall environment, rather than to isolated bits and pieces of it.

It is a sad fact that somewhere along the line, *homo sapiens* began to forget that he was a living creature, and, like other living creatures, dependent upon certain fundamental natural factors and laws. He incorporated into his religious tenets and much of his philosophy the idea that he was different, smarter, and in command. As the great psalmist stated it so lyrically addressing God in the Eighth Psalm:

"... thou hast made him a little
lower than the angels
And has crowned him with glory
and honour ...
Thou madest him to have dominion
over the works of thy hands;
Thou hast put all things under his
feet:
All sheep and oxen,
Yea, and the beasts of the field;
The fowl of the air, and the fish of
the sea,
And Whatsoever passeth through
the paths of the seas."

For generations we have accepted this, using the land and its life and resources as we chose, without bothering to understand the true enormity of what we were doing. We have ravaged our forests, befouled our air and polluted our rivers and lakes, along with incidentally destroying dozens of species and threatening more. We have assumed that we were, somehow, outside the natural system and immune to these catastrophes that we were inflicting on the earth. But, of course, we are not. Recently Frank Fraser Darling put it well: "The exclusion of man from the hierarchy of nature ... is to put him in the position of a bourgeois 'rentier' living off an economy but having no responsibility for it ... I have expressed my doubts whether we shall have a long posterity if we continue as we are doing, living off the capital of the world's eco-system."

The Sierra Club has always been concerned with posterity: the parks and wilderness its members have fought to save have not been for themselves alone, but for their children and their children's children. Now there is a new urgency to our fight for those who will follow us. The club brings a formidable force to this most important battle of all. It has not only its 90,000-strong membership in 29 chapters, from Alaska to Florida to Hawaii, but also a great new grass-roots understanding of the environmental crisis that is sweeping the country. The smart of smog in people's eyes and the bitter taste of chlorine in their water is only partially responsible for this new awakening; the club itself has played a major role in bringing it about. It has been pushing the pendulum of public concern into the area of total environmental awareness since the time of John Muir. Within the past year, the pendulum has taken off; groups dedicated in one way or another to environmental protection or to ecology are springing up everywhere. A new cause has swept through the schools and universities. Politicians everywhere have jumped onto the bandwagon of pollution, pesticides and population control. Ecology is no longer a subversive science but a popular cult.

The end of the 60's was a time of discovery and of much and eloquent talk of the endangered environment. We welcome this new understanding. And as an activist organization we will get on with the job. From our long experience, we bring many things with which to meet the enormous challenges ahead; dedication, belief, and the expertise that comes after many encounters. We have known for some time that the world is in the grips of profound and radical change. Old customs, already questioned — as was the logging of the last virgin redwoods — must be re-examined and re-evaluated. Business as usual is a phrase of a past age. One member recently mused that we are a group of middle-class revolutionaries, testing old values as much as, and more thoughtfully than, the younger generation who increasingly are identifying with us. Called radical many times in the past, we expect to be called more so in the future. We think John Muir would have understood and approved. ●

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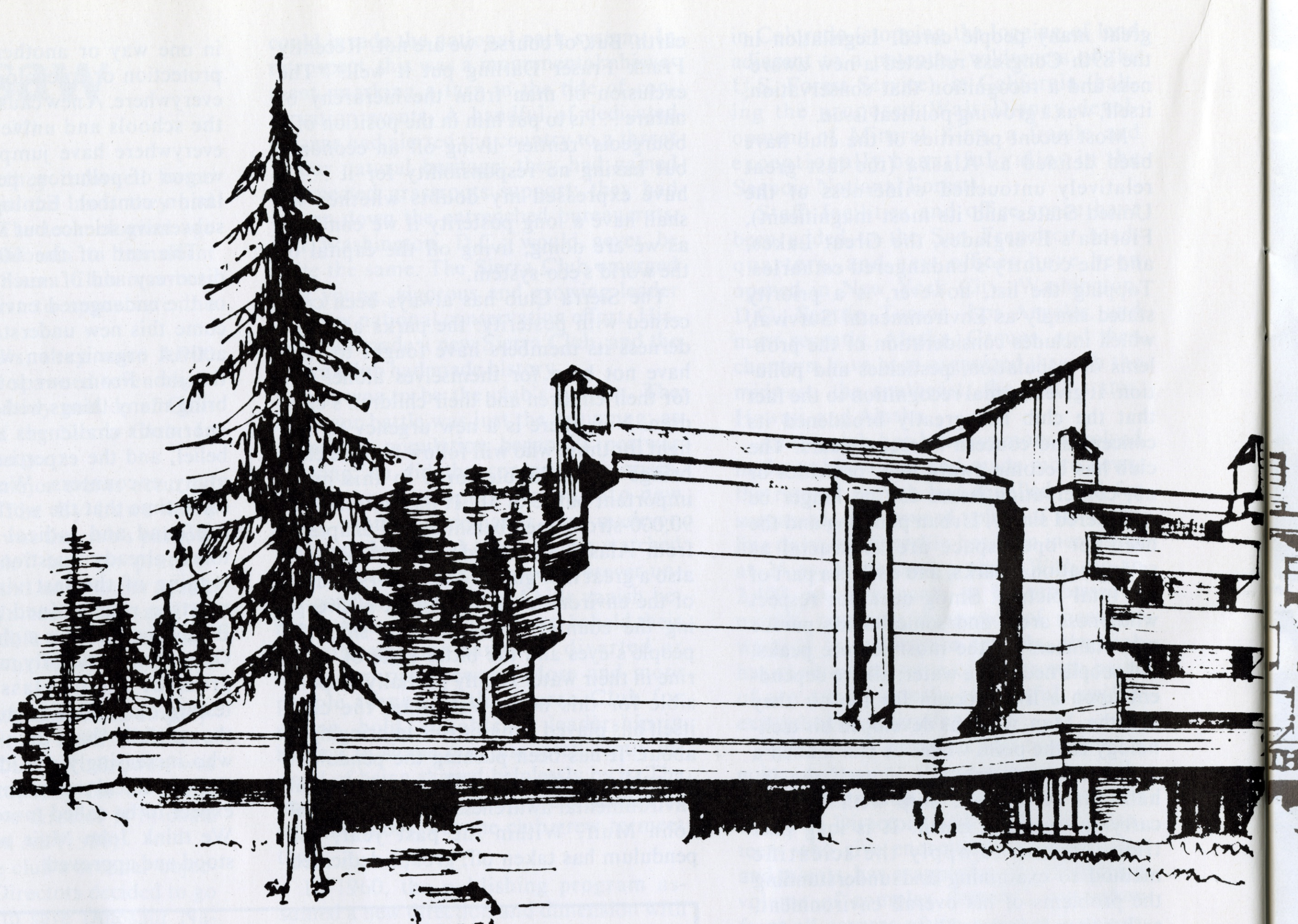

the 1849

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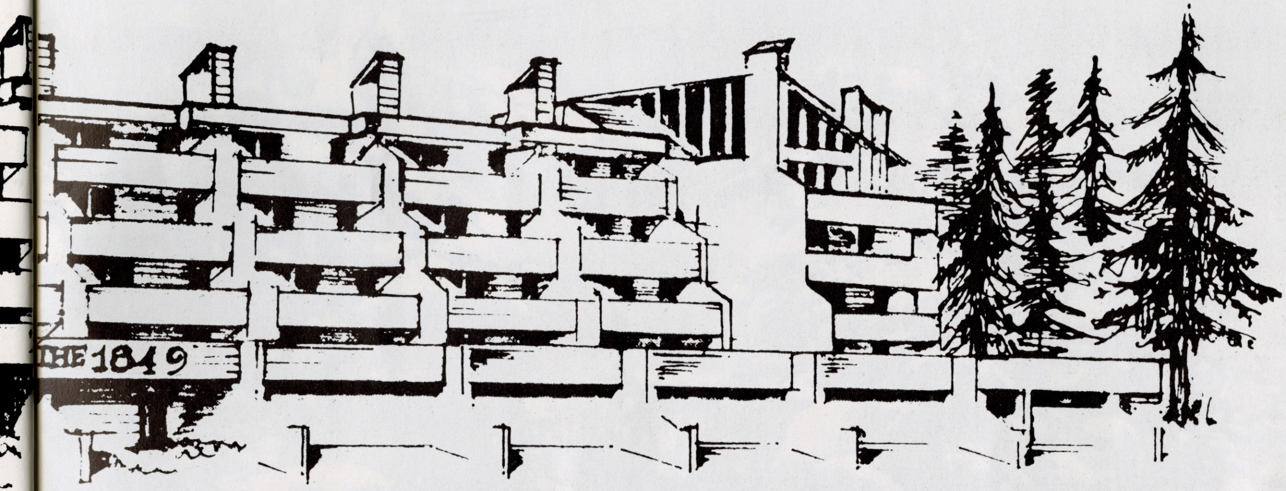
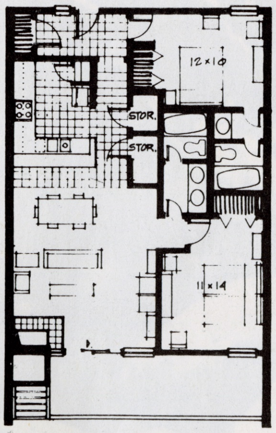
Each unit is professionally decorated and will be furnished to personal tastes. Modern appliances, including self-cleaning ovens, dishwashers and disposer are installed. Year-'round rental and management services are available to rent individually owned units on a nightly or weekly basis when the owner is not personally using his condominium.

"The 1849" recreation building is a reconstruction of a gold mine typical of those which proliferated in the area in the 1800s. The facility will be complete with an indoor-outdoor pool, sauna, Jacuzzi, lounge and laundry facilities. With the best of the past, and the best of the present . . .

LOOK TO THE FUTURE

It is estimated that the Mammoth Ski Area will double within the next ten years. Therefore, in addition to a mountain home, there is an opportunity to obtain a return on condominium investment. •





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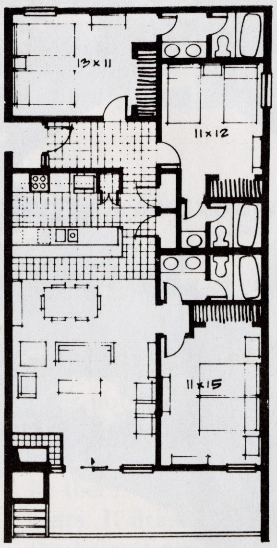

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SEE HERE

BY BILL AND LOUISE KELSEY

Snow! See it as an experience.

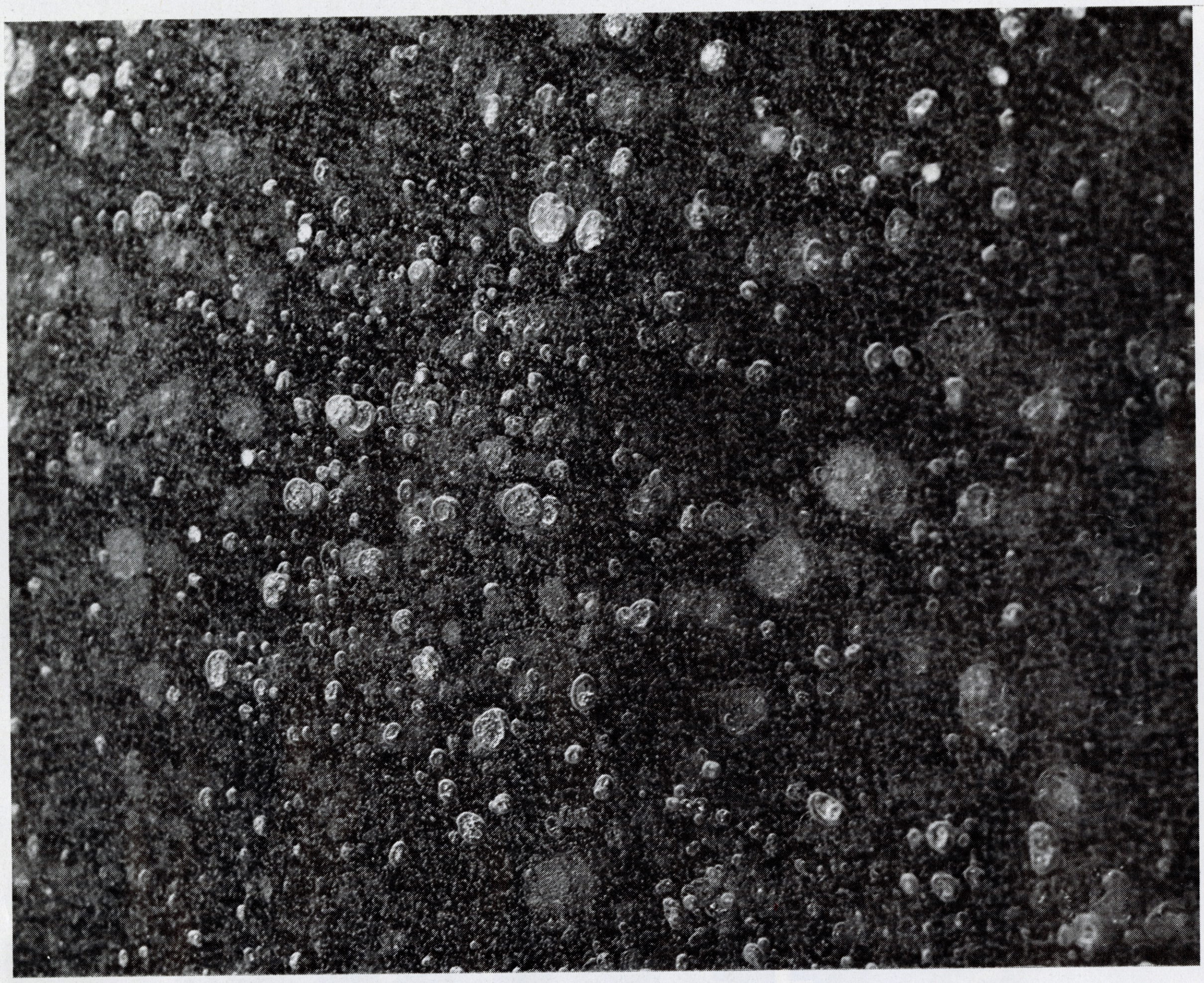
Snow does not just happen. It is created by the physical dynamics of moisture frozen in the atmosphere. It does not just appear. It comes from the sky, sometimes gently, sometimes violently. Nor does it simply fall and lie there. Snow covers ugly landscape scars. It dramatizes mountains. With the help of wind, snow accents ridges and fills ravines. The glacier movements of snow become a crushing, polishing force. Considering all of these qualities, snow photography can be approached with a lively sense of adventure.

Would you have a picture of dynamic force? Look for avalanche trails. Accent your picture with avalanche debris found in spring thaws. Avalanche trails can be dramatized by early or late light when shadows define the path of the avalanche from the surrounding unmarked snowfields.

Photograph a blanket of snow in a mountain meadow to capture a mood of peace and quiet. Low brush, such as sage, will provide gentle contours in an otherwise flat surface. A backdrop of hills, rather than sharp mountains, will add to the mood.

Filters can be used effectively with snow without necessarily giving the feeling of trick photography. With black and white film a red filter will add dramatic depth of contrast to a photo which may otherwise provide a flat looking print. Modulations in a snow field become more predominant with the use of a filter. If you want a

Ice bubbles form a frozen galaxy . . .



subtle effect, try a green or a yellow filter. A rule of thumb is to open your aperture one stop for yellow, two stops for green, and three stops for red. If your light meter reads a speed of 125 and an f setting of 22, then open to 18 for yellow, 16 for green, and 11 for red.

The silence of snow is probably best portrayed with a photographic shot in a forest of snow-heavy trees. When you awaken to find that the night has been busy with a quiet storm, get up and out in it as quickly as you can. The business of the day will have to wait, for the burden of snow in trees is quickly lifted by full sun or gusty wind. To gain the full impact of your forest scene, look for a roadside spot where you can look down into the forest from a clearing.

A delightful study can be composed by using animal tracks. Lift your picture above the ordinary by shooting the tracks in the early morning when there are crystals on the snow to add sparkle to the surface.

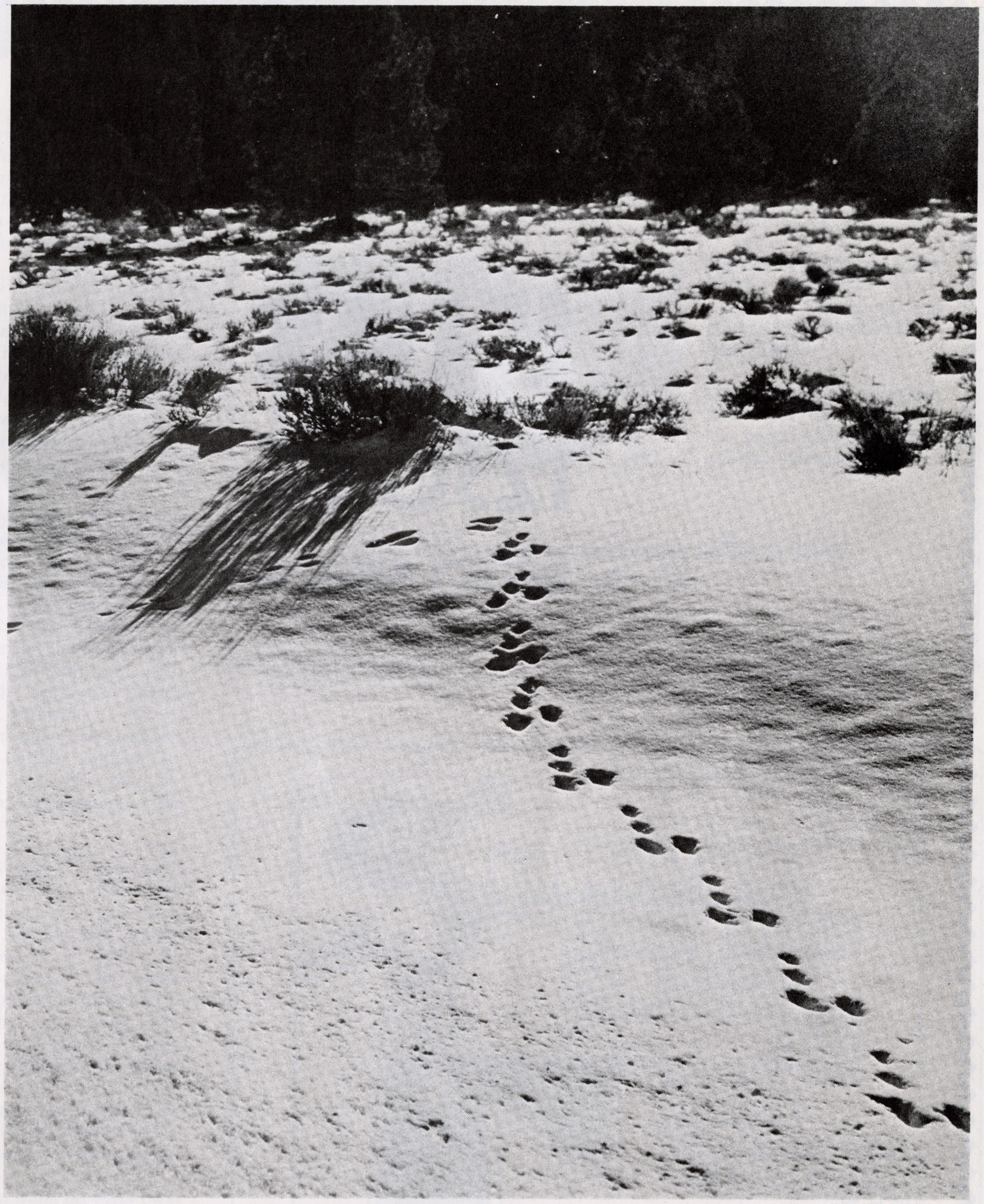
A "Latin" attitude toward work is excellent for a photographer, particularly with snow where early and late light add accent. Rest (or ski) in the middle of the day when snowscapes go flat.

A disappointing aspect of snow photos is that a mountain can look like a snow-covered prairie if shot from the wrong angle. To avoid this, choose a spot where the contour of a ridge can be included in the picture. If you shoot directly at the surface of a snow cliff, you will have very little height perspective. Move to a location where you are shooting across the surface and catch a rock out-crop, or a ridge in the side of the picture.

Ice is another challenge. When you are on an ice-covered lake, put your eyes and your camera close to the surface. Bubbles in natural ice give a strange dimension to a study. Often wind will create skiff drifts on the surface. A picture of these, shot across the ice, but eliminating any horizon could be used for a guessing game of "what is it?". These pictures can resemble clouds, or snowfields, or even an earth shot from a satelite.

Orientals have made a ritual of watching falling snow. It is tempting to try to capture this on film, but first attempts often produce nothing more than grey with darker grey spots. To catch the drama of a snow storm, go again to the forest. Trees provide a strong silhouette for the misty effect of falling snow.

One word of caution . . . keep your camera under your parka between shots. Extreme cold can do weird things to cameras and film. Remember, get up early, and good luck!



A transitory record of a creature's passage . . .

KIBS

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RADIO BISHOP

VOICE OF THE SIERRA

REBUTTAL

(Not too long ago an article appeared in the Los Angeles Times which attacked the planning or rather lack of planning in the Mammoth Lakes area. Developers were naturally upset and tried to obtain space in the Times to answer these allegations. Their efforts were thwarted and they came to us at SIERRA.

The views below are not those of SIERRA rather those of Mr. Tom Revelle, East Sierra Development Company. Only excerpts of Mr. Revelle's Letter are carried here due to space limitations, however, the complete letter along with other comments can be had by writing to East Sierra Development Company, 815 Moraga, West Los Angeles, CA 90049.)

As fellow property owners in the Mammoth Lakes area, and as representatives of a company which has maintained a continuing interest in the development of the community as a major resort over the past twelve years, we have become increasingly concerned over the irresponsible charges and representations that have been made in the last several months about the area, its government, and its developers. A great many of these charges and allegations are entirely without factual foundation, and others have been distorted to the point of misrepresenting the facts.

This negativism campaign has been sponsored by a small group of individuals whose avowed purpose is to restrict and prohibit further development in the Mammoth area, despite the fact that present facilities are not adequate to support the number of recreation seekers who utilize the Mammoth Mountain ski lifts and the area's varied summer attractions. This group has attacked the County of Mono for lack of adequate controls over zoning and construction, the U. S. Forest Service for its policy of exchanging property in the area for development, and private developers for lack of concern with the community in general.

In order to make existing property owners aware of all the facts regarding the history of development at Mammoth, we have enclosed a copy of a critique prepared by our company refuting a highly critical article printed in the Los Angeles Times on August 23, 1971. This report not only negates many of the statements made by the reporter, but offers tangible evidence concerning the positive actions taken by developers, local government officials, and representatives of the U.S. Forest Service regarding planning and control of development at Mammoth which has made it one of the country's finest year-round resorts. The report does not attempt to infer that no errors have been committed . . . ●

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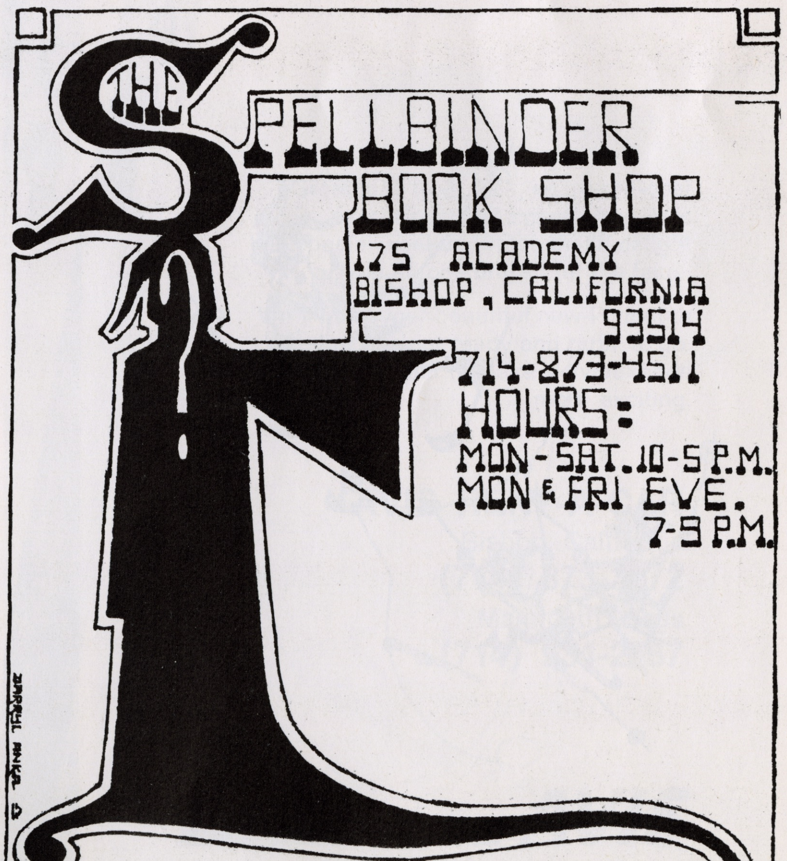

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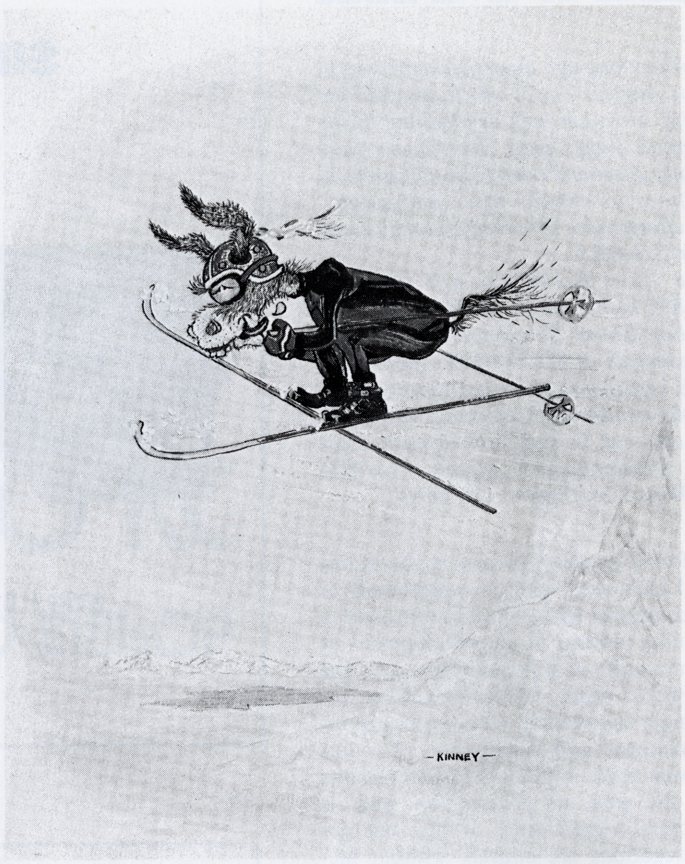
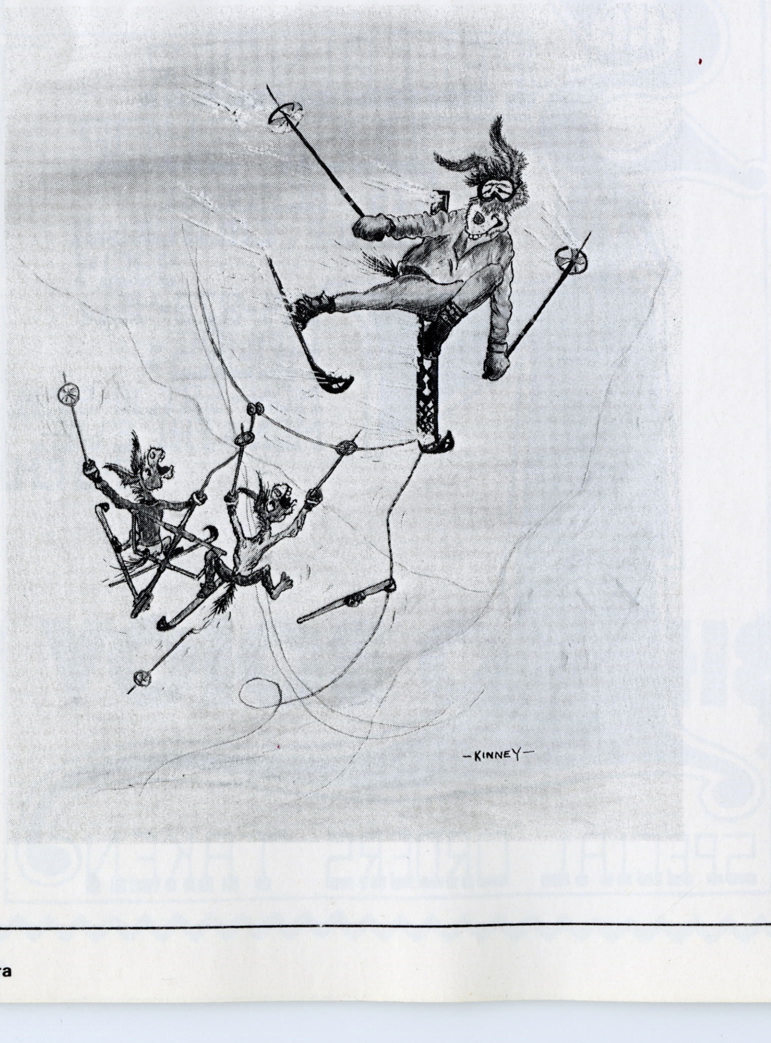
Skiing?





Ski Weekend?
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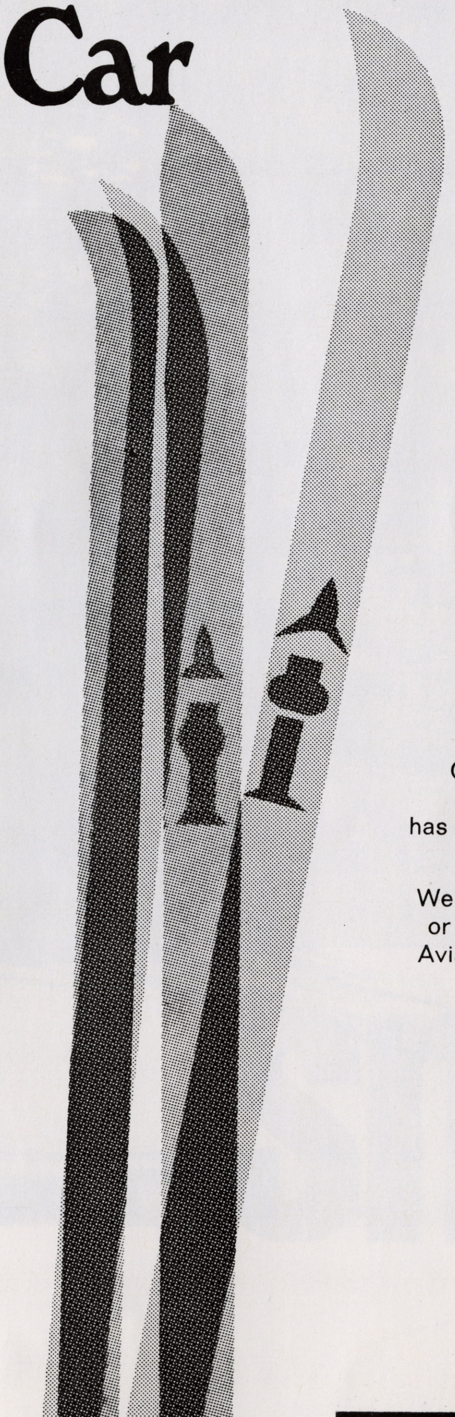

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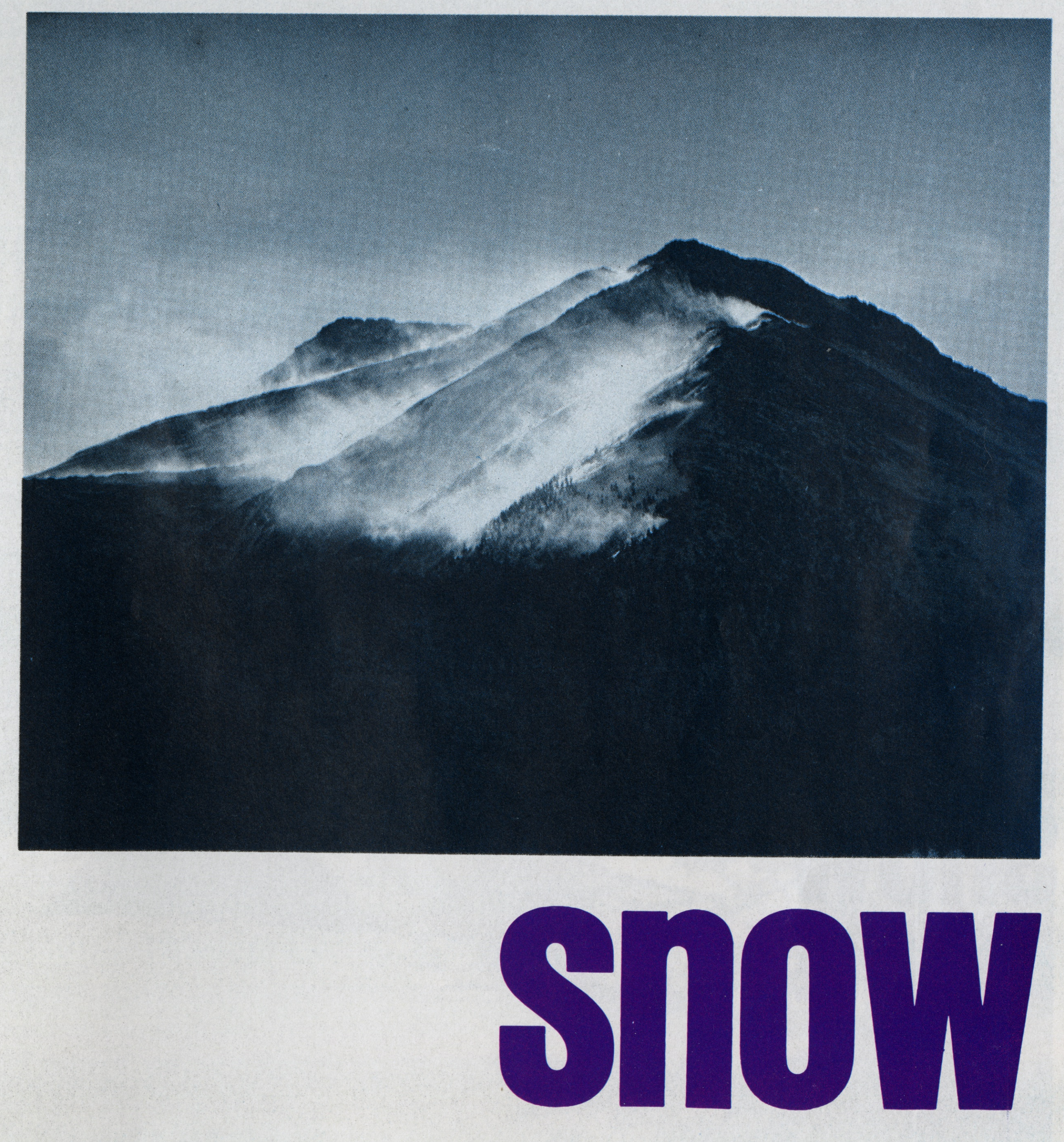
AVIS

The forest muffled
in quiet white . . .

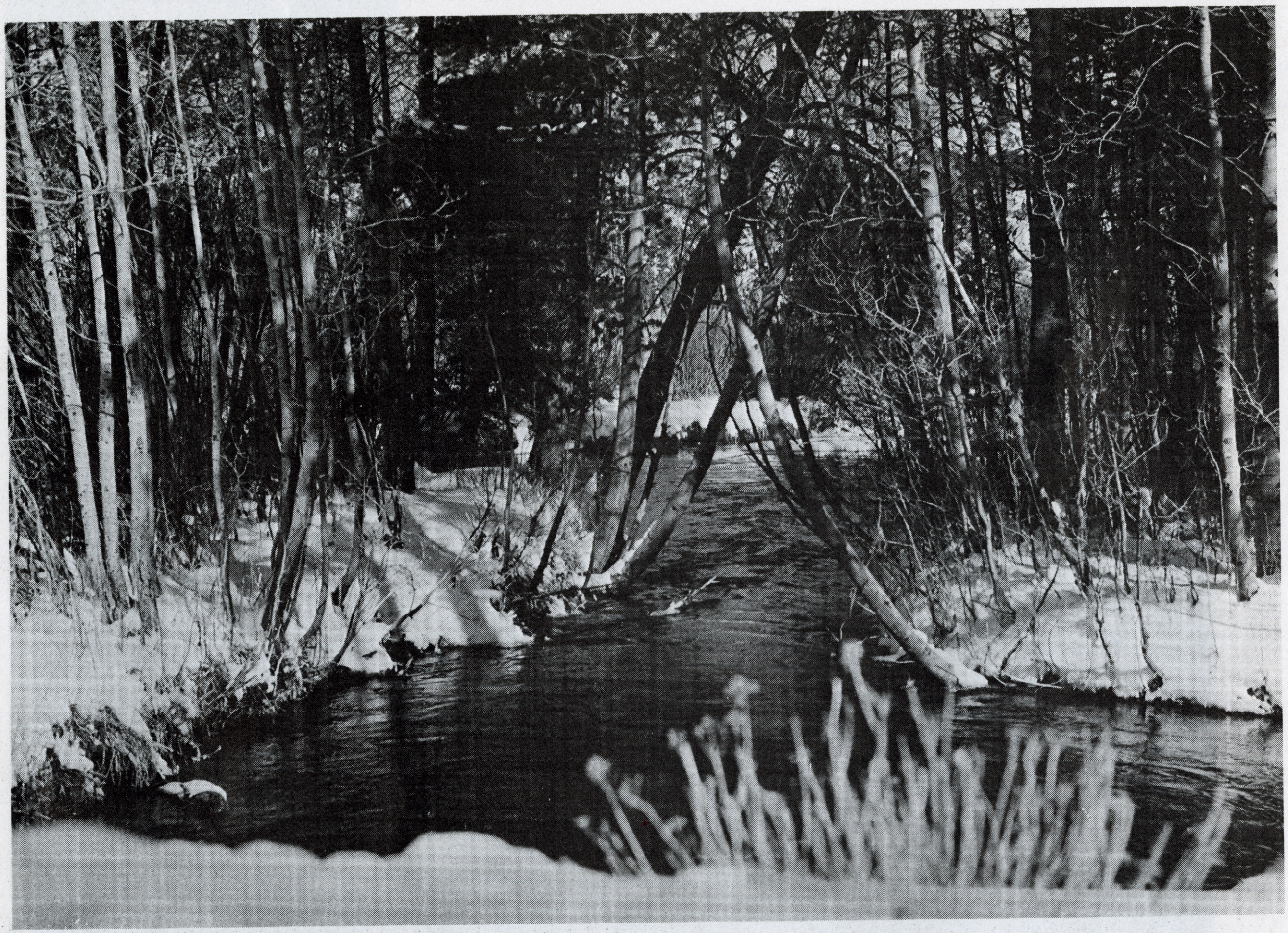
Wind lifts and drives the icy powder . . .



snow

By Bill and Louise Kelsey

A Photo Essay



snow

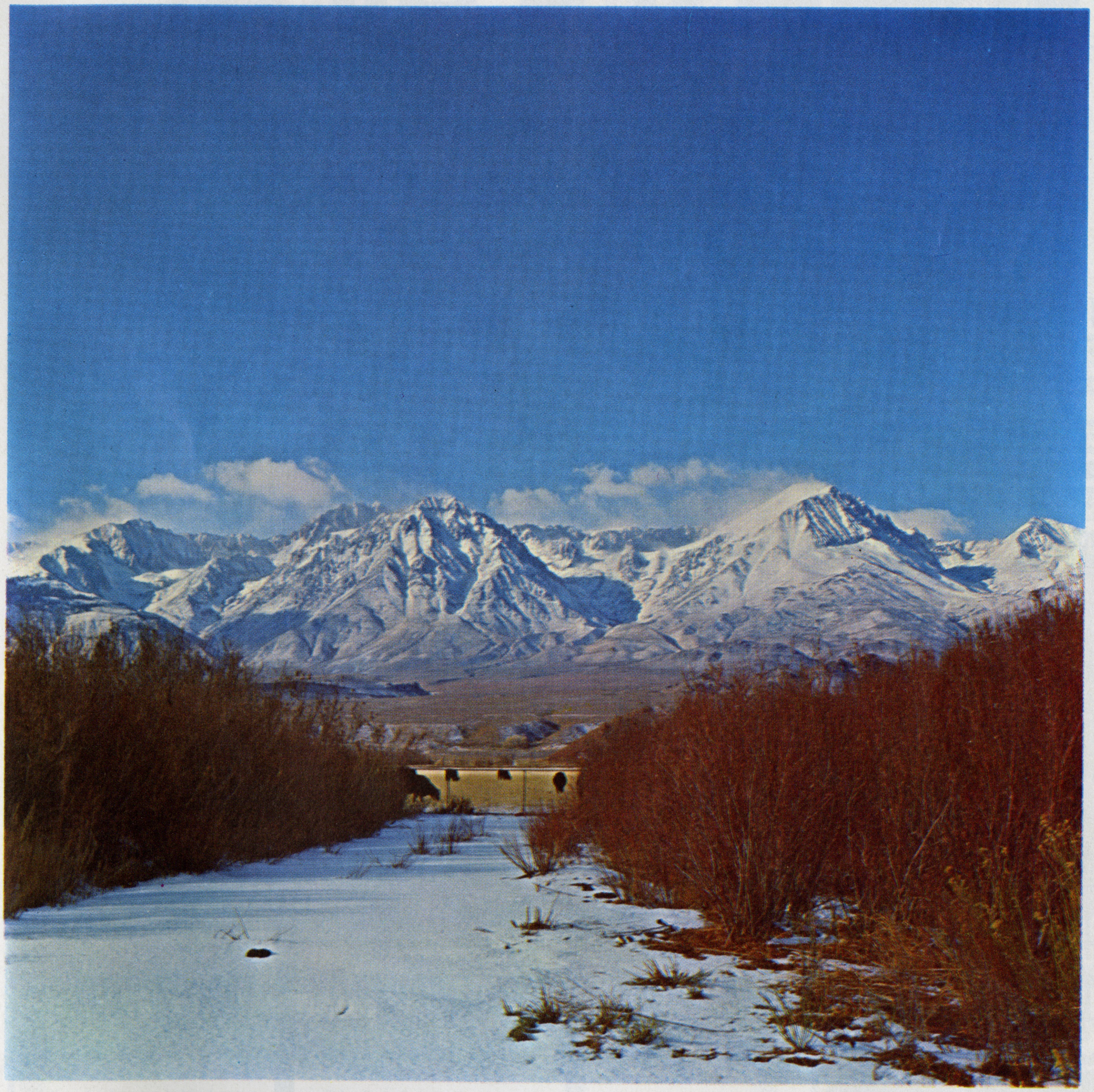
Icy rippling,
melted snow rushes . . .

Cold, deep, a cabin
waits the coming spring . . .

The Cornice probes
mysteries of sky . . .

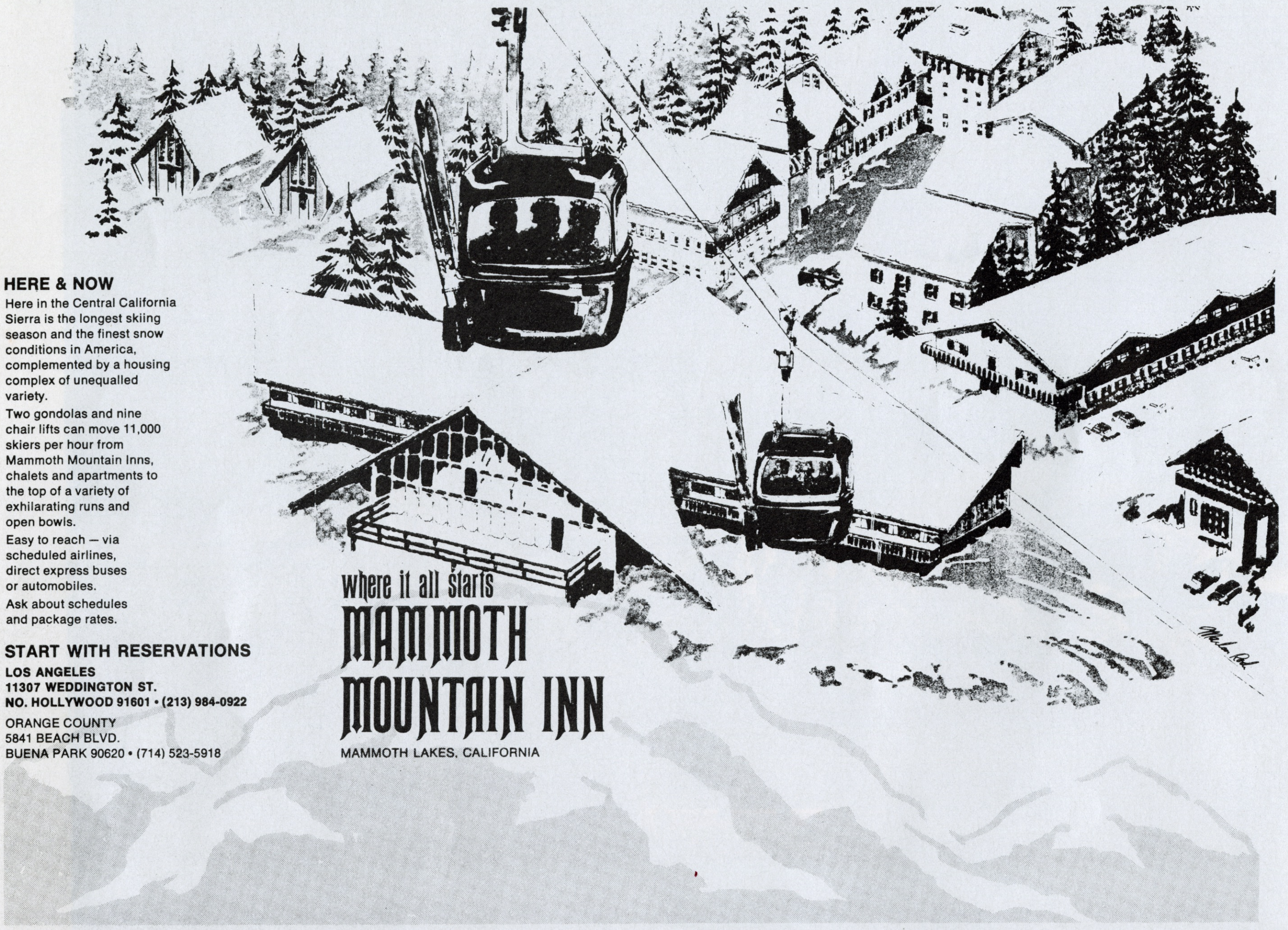
Clear silence hangs brittle
on the mountain world . . .

snow



Grazing cattle ignore Split Mountain's might . . .

Where It's All At.



HERE & NOW

Here in the Central California Sierra is the longest skiing season and the finest snow conditions in America, complemented by a housing complex of unequalled variety.

Two gondolas and nine chair lifts can move 11,000 skiers per hour from Mammoth Mountain Inns, chalets and apartments to the top of a variety of exhilarating runs and open bowls.

Easy to reach — via scheduled airlines, direct express buses or automobiles.

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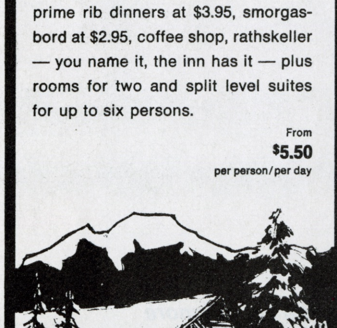

CHALETS

Nestled among the pines, completely furnished and equipped, featuring kitchens, living rooms with panoramic views and large fireplaces.

Ideal for families who want to enjoy the serene beauty of a mountain vacation home, but with the convenience of living just a short schuss to the ski lifts. A variety of sizes — from 2 to 5 bedrooms.

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$8.00
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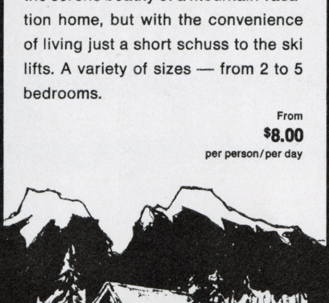

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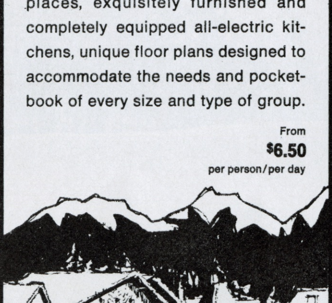

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All units have private baths.

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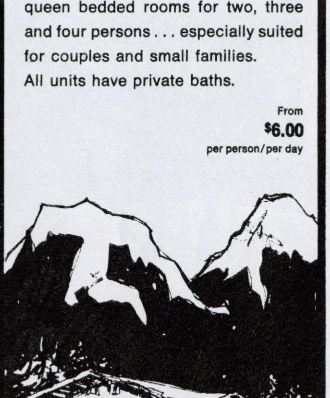

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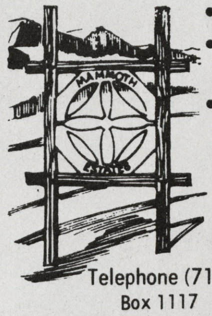

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